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THE BIG
AMERICAN CARAVAN
—IN—
EUROPE.

Eliza Polk Wood Barnes
Presented by her bro Burr,
1880











THE BIG
AMERICAN CARAVAN
IN
EUROPE.

Being Letters descriptive of the Movements
on the Continent of Europe of the Largest
Party of Tourists who ever made the
Rounds in a Body under one
Management.

By BURR H. POLK.

EVANSVILLE:
Journal Co., Steam Printers, Binders and Stationers.
1879.

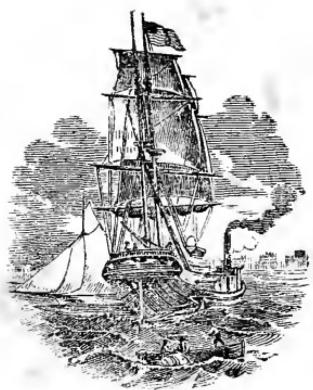
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PREFACE.

THE following letters were written while making a tour on the Continent of Europe. There was no idea, at the time, of their publication. No pains was taken with them, and they were often hurriedly written under the most unfavorable circumstances. Our itinerary aimed to consume all our time, and frequently we were at a loss for rest. But for this reason they may be all the more acceptable, as they convey the impressions that were fresh upon me, and are honest impressions with regard to things as I saw them. A desire on the part of those who made this tour to have the letters, led to their publication, and they may not fail to entertain others. The putting through this large party in the very height of the tourist season, was certainly a mammoth undertaking, and shows to what perfection this business has attained. In Switzerland especially, where it has been estimated over a million tourists visited during the summer, it was a wonder that we experienced no inconvenience from delays or over crowding. The weather, for the most part, was very propitious and our chances for sight seeing were perhaps rarely excelled.

THE AUTHOR.



LETTER I.

THE Tourgee Party—Crossing the Ocean—Sea sickness—Fogs and Fog horns—Life aboard the Ship—Fourth of July celebrated—Shivering in Mid summer—Almost a collision.

ON BOARD SHIP, July 22, 1879.

In the uncertain state of my stomach, with the minor hindrance of a little disturbance in the shape of church services going on around and above me, I doubt if I can do justice to my friends in the way of a letter. But as a slight calm has come over me, I thought best to seize the opportunity and make what progress I can while there is allowed to me the happy privilege of holding up my head and knowing my name and residence.

This excursion, of which I am now a member, was gotten up by Dr. Eben Tourjee, of Boston. He took over a party last Summer, the success of which induced him to take over another this year. There are 186 of the party on board this vessel, the Anchoria, while 127 have already gone ahead and are now probably out of their misery enjoying a little tour through parts of Ireland. On our arrival at Glasgow the entire band will meet and there be divided up into four sections, all to travel over the same route but in different order, so as not to have the caravan so cumbersome. Twenty-one States are represented by those aboard this ship—as far East as Maine, down to Florida on the South, and as far West as Kansas and Minnesota. Massachusetts leads with 98, Boston contributing 38 of these, Ohio being the State sending the delegation second in size. The “little

Carrie

one," my daughter, and I are the only ones from Mississippi. Only two Southern States are represented, there being two ladies from Nashville, Tennessee, and one gentleman from Florida. Of the 186 here, 108 are ladies, showing quite a preponderance of the fair sex. And thus you have an analysis of the handsome little pamphlet liberally distributed to the passengers and their friends before the departure of the ship. I may add, as an item of interest to bachelors, that much over one-half of the ladies are single.

By a previous arrangement most of the party met at the St. Nicholas hotel in New York prior to sailing. On Saturday morning early the hotel coach began the no small task of carrying down passengers and baggage. I went down with the last load and found the ship crowded with people and everything in a jam and confusion. Hundreds had come on board to bid friends and acquaintances good-bye, and groups were standing about here and there in earnest converse. It never occurred that any familiar face would meet us, but we had that pleasure, nevertheless, for nearly an hour before starting we were joined by that most genial gentleman, John Bell, of Commodore Parisot's fleet; and when, an hour later, all visitors had gone upon the pier and our vessel was pushing out for the sea, the last we saw of his pleasant face was while he was waving his handkerchief, with hundreds of others, and bidding us God speed and a pleasant voyage. He is the only home friend we have seen since leaving Cincinnati. We were to have been accompanied by a charming young lady of Vicksburg, but the trivial circumstance of contemplated matrimony prevented her coming, and we have been out of humor with Cupid ever since.

As we steamed out of the bay at noon, in comparatively smooth water, the passengers loitered about the decks and cheerfully contemplated the scene, but after we got "outside" and fell in with a pretty stiff breeze and rough water, the numerous reclining chairs were soon filled and looked like so many occupied cots in an army hospital. Those who had not provided themselves with these chairs generally disappeared and perhaps were not seen on deck any more that day. As for myself, I braved it out on deck as long as I could. When I went on board, the

sensitiveness of my nasal organ over the unpleasant smells (and there are very, very many unpleasant smells about a ship) was an unfavorable omen. Still, as I saw victim after victim on this hand and that, I hoped, in a feeble way, that the little cruise I took two years ago among the islands in the Gulf of Mexico, would be of service to me here. But such hope proved a delusion and a fraud. It was not long before I joined the throng at the railing, and began a series of pilgrimages between that and my chair until four o'clock in the afternoon, when I grew so terribly sick and drunk and worthless, that I fled to my close and stifling room below. How I writhed down there in the arms of this awful monster of the sea, I think I will never be able to describe. Later, asleep, I forgot the billows, but the moment I awoke I became conscious of the rolling and pitching of the vessel. The room was away forward, and contained four berths, two running lengthwise and two at right angles with the ship. I occupied the lower one of the latter two. The wind was quartering with our course, and as the ship mounted a wave she twisted awfully to one side, and as she plunged down into the trough of the sea she swung up and twisted the other way, thus giving to one's person a species of rotary motion that made his stomach feel as though it contained a restless, uneasy lump as big as a foot ball. The greater number of passengers were sick, but most of them for a short time only, while others were pitiable invalids for so long a time as to wish themselves comfortably at home and Tourjee's excursion in Patagonia. I may safely be classed with the latter. I fasted literally from Saturday morning till Sunday morning, when I ventured down to the table. I looked with an air of determination on my countenance, and attempted to walk bravely up one of the aisles, but had scarcely reached the farther end where there was a vacant seat, when I turned sadly about and rushed up stairs and out on deck to contribute, for the forty-ninth time, my share of food to the active little gulls that were continually skimming the foaming billows behind us. I count—we have now been four days out and I think, so far as the records show, I have been the very sickest man in the party, and am utterly disgusted with my stomach. I can ap-

preciate and measurably forgive the insufferable and provoking vanity of a man whose stomach behaves itself while those around him are continually casting up their Jonahs.

At the very moment I penned the memorandum upon which the above painful remarks were based, a joyous party came out from the dining-table and regaled me with a description of the choice and bounteous dinner just served down stairs. Of course, as I lay prone upon my reclining chair, awaiting a call to the railing, I enjoyed this timely kindness in the fullest sense. But let me pass from this subject. It is harrowing to my feelings. I feel that when I reach Europe much of my enjoyment there will be marred by the contemplation of a repetition of this thing on my return home. I have heard two or three declare with the most powerful emphasis, that no excursion, after they reach home, will ever tempt them across the ocean again; and so far as I am personally concerned, if I retain my senses and my memory, I think the scenery of America will suit me to a dot. But those who do not suffer materially—and they constitute a very large majority—find much to enjoy in a voyage of this kind, and will always be ready to repeat it when occasion offers.

I have been astonished at the cool winds we have encountered off the coast of Maine, and that now blow as we plow through the pale blue waters on the banks of Newfoundland. Every book we read and every person we consulted on the subject, warned us to bring our heaviest wraps, but there are some things hard to realize, just as hard as it was for my friends to understand, while I was in the mountains of Colorado writing of snows and ice in July and they sweltering in the hot sun of the South, that the truth was in me. I could not get it into my head that there was any sense in bringing an immense overcoat and a horse blanket to swathe my person in during a passage across the ocean in July; but I now know the necessity for it, and would say to those likely ever to make the trip, to bring all their own wraps and to pilfer all they can from their neighbors. On one or two occasions the wind whistled through my thick overcoat, apparently with as much ease as it would through a sieve. Those ladies who are the most outlandishly "bundled

up" and look most like animated mummies, are the most comfortable. Many of these have been enabled to occupy their reclining chairs night and day on deck and thus avoid the close and ill-smelling rooms below.

It has been very foggy much of the journey so far, and the fog whistle has been going at intervals throughout the entire journey. Here on the banks of Newfoundland the water is of a much paler blue than any we had heretofore encountered, and the fog has been so dense at times we could not see a ship two lengths of our own vessel. At noon to-day, just four days out, the log indicated that we had made 1226 miles, which is regarded as above the average speed. At that rate we will reach Scotland one day or more in advance of our time. If we should sight the Irish coast to-morrow, there is one excursionist, at least, who would rejoice.

Afternoon of the second day out, they cleared a space on the after hurricane deck and played a game called pitch; with no pitch in it, a species of old fashioned hop-skotch in which blocks are shoved at the marked field with a long stick. At night there was a concert in the cabin, which was pronounced good; and later there was quite a blow, great phosphorescent lights around and in the wake of the ship, and a rainbow by moonlight, none of which I saw. But as I lay in my berth, down in the tomb-like room, I could hear the roaring and thundering of the sea as the billows dashed against the sides of the ship, but if she had stood upon her head and wallowed over and over in the raging sea, I don't think my poor excuse of a stomach would have acted more disgustingly. Last Sunday we had an appropriate and entertaining sermon under the awning, and it being the day after departure and the temporary pulpit erected amid the array of invalids, the learned pastor had a large congregation if he did not have an attentive one. This morning we had short Episcopal Church services; this afternoon we had chorus singing, and now, as I write, I hear the strains of the organ at one end of the gallery over the cabin, and the piano at the other. To-night we are to have our third series of entertainments in the way of readings, recitations, music and the like. I heard one last night and was very much entertained indeed.

There is almost a total absence of the signs of fish up here off Newfoundland. We have seen only two small schools of porpoises and nothin'g else. Were we sailing in the Gulf of Mexico we would rarely be out of sight of the denizens of the deep, but constantly be in sight of great schools of fish and my old friends, the sharks. It may be that when we cross the Gulf stream we will fall in with some of these. I hope so, at least. I am tired seeing this vast waste of water with nothing to break the monotony. An iceberg would not go amiss, especially a large one, and we should pass it at a safe distance. But I would like above all things, to see this dense fog clear away and the bright sunshine to thaw out and enable me to realize that this was July instead of midwinter. I am absolutely shivering with cold, here in the parlor, with all the thick clothes I have on my back, and my undergarments doubled. You may understand this when I tell you it is just 43 degrees colder than on the day I left home.

NIGHT, July 5.—I add a few words, to say, among other things, that we had an intolerable fog for seven blessed days and nights—a most outlandish, cold, penetrating fog which has prevented enjoyment on deck. Yesterday being the 4th, we got up a little celebration on our own account and kicked up quite a smoke. There was a big procession around and about the ship, of men with horns, pans, trumpets, tin cans and the like; hoisting and cheering the flags; firing of crackers; speeches, toasts, songs and such, during the day. The Captain of the ship was called out and gave us a nice little talk, and upon the whole we had a jolly time. At night, there were more speeches, recitations and instrumental and vocal music in the cabin. A large part of to-day has been devoted to the selection of sections to be taken by the party, and there has been a perfect Babel. The matter has now been pretty generally and satisfactorily arranged.

We came near having a collision this morning. Before breakfast, and as a few of the early risers were on deck astern, and the fog so dense one could not see more than the length of our ship, the whistle blew two shrill blasts, and in an instant a full rigged sailing vessel, with all its canvass spread, suddenly emerged from the fog like some phantom bearing down upon

us. She came quartering, and in less than thirty seconds would have struck us amidships, but when the whistle blew she luffed up and gave us her side, but as she passed us and drifted astern she came so near rubbing us we could plainly see the faces of the few men astir upon her. In less than one minute from the time she came in view, amid the cheers of the startled little band watching her, she had disappeared in the fog behind us. It was too close a graze to leave a favorable impression, and I notice the fog-whistle has since been blown with greater regularity.

LETTER II.

First sight of land on the Irish Coast—Among the Canny Scots—A trip up the Clyde—Its Scenery—Glasgow—Hotel—Magnificent accommodations—A Stroll over the City and an incident of Scotch life—Cathedrals and Castles to the front—The Big Caravan looking like animated bundles of wraps—Jammed by the crowd of People.

GLASGOW, SCOTLAND, July 8th, 1870.

On Monday afternoon as the first table were at dinner, and making a fearful hole in the stores, there rang out the joyous cry of "land!" In an instant all was confusion and a stampede to the port-holes, and out upon the deck to witness the spectacle. Sure enough, away off through the mist where all seemed dark, there stood out a darker and irregular outline of the high bluffs on the northern coast of Ireland. It was not a very satisfactory view of land, still, the land was there, and it did our hearts so much good to have ocular demonstration of the fact. We ran along the coast for an hour or more, coming closer until the cheerful green of the hills came plainly in view. Then we skirted by some rocky islands against which the angry waves lashed themselves into foam as the spray was thrown high into the air; then by a light house; then by some residences on the checkered slope that ran down to the sea; then by a station where a boat came out with a pilot; then between an island, with high and rugged bluffs, and the main land to Moville where a tug came out in answer to sky rockets and calcium lights, and brought a great batch of morning papers from Londonderry,

and took off a large number of our steerage passengers. It was raining and cold, and the disembarkation of these returning emigrants appeared a gloomy one as they went off our big ship down into the tug, lighted by the sickly glare of the lanterns as they struggled with the fog. But all our people were happy, and very few stayed on deck to witness the departure of our fellow voyagers.

At just nine o'clock, before reaching Moville, the heavens cleared up some and the mists drifted away from the shore, giving us one grand view. Cheer after cheer rang out from that ship, and the people felt good for the rest of the night.

Here the agent of Gaze & Son came on board, and at once began the task of arranging the little parties in the different sections who were to room together on the two months journey ahead of us. It was one o'clock at night when he got through, and the steward had driven us all out of the cabin by turning down the lights. This morning, on going on deck, I found we were steaming up the wide channel towards Greenoch. The day was dark and threatening, but the shores were beautifully green, laid off in little patches separated by hedges, and terminating in hills against the horizon. There did not appear to be a foot of available land not utilized. Every bit of it seemed to be in cultivation where there was any soil, and the foliage had a variety of shades about it that rendered the view very pleasant indeed. I would like to describe my feelings for this day. I can not do it. The scene was so new to me, the landscape so cheerful, and the houses, and the way of cutting the land up into wee bits of patches, so odd, that my interest in the picture amounted almost to excitement. Persons who have come over here for the first time, after dreaming year after year of the trip, and having undergone the miseries of a voyage not often encountered, may be able to appreciate the feelings of our party as the country lay spread out, for the first time before them. No others could, even though the picture should be drawn by the most graphic pen.

At 7 o'clock we anchored off Greenoch and a large, side-wheel tug came out to carry away the baggage. It took two of them to do it. A ~~little, dirty urchin,~~ with a timid voice, as

though he was frightened by the pilgrims, made his appearance in the cabin with the Glasgow morning papers. He didn't sing out strong and recklessly, like an American newsboy would have done. It had been the intention to go ashore at Greenoch and take cars for this city, but by a vote last night it was decided that we should take one of the swift steamers that ply between the two great places and run up the Clyde. As we lay there having the necessary chalk marks put upon our trunks by the Custom-house officer (which was a mere formal matter, in our case, though requiring two hours—for they had never had as big a batch before,) we could see Roseleith Castle, the property of the Duke of Argyle, and where our neighbor, the Marquis of Lorne, spent his honeymoon. I speak of it specially because it was the first live castle I had ever seen and I wanted to make a sort of landmark of the fact. I don't want to go into the castle business too strongly, but hope to fill up my letters with a recital of minor details which, though I have almost always found entertaining to me, most writers have omitted. Nearly all of the guide books can give you a history of these castles and a list of the nabobs who have held them, but they rarely ever tell you if they give you hash at this hotel or pea soup at that. Of course I will have to own I have seen a castle now and then, and perhaps when I am short of material may throw in a descriptive paragraph or so.

I was glad of the change to a steamer for a run up the Clyde. It was a most enchanting trip till we neared this city, and it was entertainining all the way. Beside, I didn't like the looks of the dumpy cars I saw as we steamed by the station at Greenoch. I don't think I will ever overcome my preconceived ideas of and prejudices against them. But let me hurry on here. Directly after leaving Greenoch we passed Dunbarton Castle, a very ordinary sort of stone house stuck at the base of and against a huge solid stone mound that would have been all the more attractive without the Castle. On the left of us the rocky promontories reached nearly to the proportions of mountains, but always covered with trees or grass or grain where there was any soil. On the right, the country sloped gradually from the river and was often cultivated to the very edge of the quay. Houses

were nestled about everywhere. The entire distance appeared like a continuous village, blooming out, every three or four miles, into quite a town, where we made landings, as quick as you could say Jack Robinson, to put off and take on passengers. We passed another castle, (confound them, I fear they will be in my way) old, tumbled down and ivy-grown, when every one said "how beautiful!" and indeed it was so. It enabled me to see how ivy can ornament and render attractive decaying and unsightly ruins. The buoys and light-houses and other devices to mark the channel, were very numerous and varied in their character and construction. The river is so narrow a little below the city any Scottish lad ten years old can cast a pebble across it. In some places the banks are literally lined with ship yards, where great iron vessels are under process of construction—and the scene is a busy one. As we met the thirty or forty steamers similar to our own, going down the river, the passengers would look with a species of awe upon our hooded and cloaked and bundled up crowd. There was a strong, cool breeze blowing, with spits of rain every once in a while, and I think I never saw a more ungraceful looking set in my life than our party appeared just then. When we reached the station, in the city, where we went ashore, an immense crowd soon collected, and while we were filing off the wharf to the line of vehicles in waiting for us, it took half a score of policemen to prevent our being jammed. Some of our vehicles were double-decked omnibusses, with a stairway astern leading to the top, and held thirty or forty passengers. They were drawn by three horses abreast, the middle animal between shafts, which gave the appearance of two poles instead of one. I climbed upon top, the better to see. The remarks of the throng around us were humorous. They spoke of us as "sight-seers," "Americans," etc. All except section one were driven to the Grand Hotel—that section went to Cockburn's. At the Hotel we found our rooms already assigned, and, upon registering, were handed a slip of paper with the number upon it which enabled us to reach it with the aid of one or more of the two dozen or so of female servants eager to get her clasp upon our hand parcels. The Hotel is a new one, large and handsomely furnished,

and resembles an American hotel only so far as it has gas throughout and *soap* at the wash stands. Everything has an odd look, but a substantial one. The rooms are furnished in wood resembling dark cherry, a drugget or carpet covering about four-fifths of the floor, the bare part being highly polished and waxed. The bedsteads are metal throughout, the head and foot being of brass, in which you could make your toilet in the absence of a looking glass, and the balance is of bronzed iron. I have critically examined one, and I think the conception must have been that of a sensitive traveler who had often been burdened with too many voracious bed-fellows. The dining-room, I think, is the handsomest I ever saw; not gorgeous in gewgaws and gingerbread work, but solid, clean, airy and quiet. It seemed even to have a soothing effect upon our boisterous caravan, for they toned down here and submitted to the tedious dinner courses in which they had as little voice in selecting as the man in the moon, with such grace as to give assurance that they did not intend to kick against the customs of the country. There was one apparently solid and unbroken table running the entire length of three sides of the room, a sort of family concern, where your destinies are placed in the hands of the very few dandy waiters who officiated.

On arrival, we lunched at 1 o'clock, a special arrangement. There was not much of it, but what there was was nice and well cooked, all cold except the potatoes, and on your own plate when you sat down. At lunch there were the tiniest little bits of butter at great distances apart, and at dinner, eaten by us as early as seven, there was no visible trace of this article of food. I had noticed the same trouble aboard the ship. At that rate of consumption I wonder what becomes of the tons of it which every ship coming from our own country brings here. Perhaps it is manufactured into pomatum or worked up into machine grease. I can't think the natives consume no more of it than is fed to Americans that it gets away as an article of food. The hotel is exclusively in charge of ladies. One or two porters to wrestle with the heavy baggage, and the waiters who keep constantly dressed, although ready to rush off to the next dress ball, and the fellow who shines the boots, are the only males

on duty here. No supercilious, high-flown, shallow-brained popinjay behind the counter to freeze you with his loftiness and his idiotic stare, but neatly dressed ladies within the office that is encased with glass, to politely and quietly see to your wishes.

After lunch, having some necessary purchases to make, the "little one" and I took an aimless stroll about the city and among the stores, leisurely sauntering by the windows and ciphering out the value of the articles on exhibition from the prices, in shillings and pence, that in most cases were marked upon them. Some of them appeared cheap, while others did not. We had been told prices were generally high here. But we bought a few things, however, including some trinkets, and fell into such confusion over our first endeavor to become accustomed to the coin of the realm, that before I knew it my pockets were so full of silver and their ugly copper pennies and half pennies that my suspenders would hardly bear the great weight. The stores are very small and the doors are nearly all closed as though it were Winter. We did not intend to go to the Cathedral with the party, but in our tramp got into that neighborhood and went there. It is an old place and seems to be suffering for want of air. The lower part, down where the dead are buried, is dark and damp and not calculated to be beneficial to rheumatic people. There are two great organs whose largest pipes seemed to me as though they might be as big as the chimneys of a Sunflower river steamer. The windows were the chief attraction. But if there had been other things they could not have been seen that dark afternoon. So our stay here was brief.

Near this Cathedral was the Necropolis, the burying ground of this city. It has many imposing monuments, plainly visible a square or so away, but as it was growing late we did not walk through it. On our return we passed the prison. We had noted the shabby appearance of the neighborhood of the Cathedral, and as we retraced our steps we saw an excited assembly of dirty looking men, women and children, and soon heard the cry of "police! police!" and on the instant a woman rushed in our direction, with hair streaming in the wind and terror in her face, followed by a drunken man bent on destruction. Unfortunately the woman caromed on me, and as she did so grab-

bed me and made a species of breastworks of my person, while her pursuer chased her around and about, and made several efforts to strike her over my shoulders, till I feared I would be the only victim in the case. Directly, however, a burly teamster came up, took in the situation, and taking hold of the irate man, gave him a good shaking and gave me freedom. Three noble-looking policemen passed by just then, casually glanced at the melee, smiled feebly, and went on. Perhaps they had not formally gone on duty for that day.

We passed St. George's Square, where there are several monuments, and around which are located the Post-office and most of the principal hotels of the city, and went home in a rain. Not an hour before I had bought an umbrella and cut a figure by having it sent to the hotel. A programme for the morrow, posted up in the dining room, announced that we would breakfast at six and leave the hotel at seven in the morning, for a tour, by rail and coach, to Loch Lomond, through the Trossachs, to Loch Katrine, Dunbarton, Callender and Stirling, to Edinburg, at which place we will be due at half past seven in the afternoon. So, as the day is to be an unusually big one, and it is now past one at night, I will pass Glassgow for the present and go to a bed that has appeared very inviting for hours. There is much more to be said, and many of my memorandums have not been checked off, but I must sleep and rest, and trust to the future to touch up the more important points not yet mentioned.

LETTER III.

Leaving Edinburg—Early breakfast—Division of the Caravan—Ballock and Loch Lomond—On the Lake—Duke of Montrose's deer park—Scottish cattle and sheep—Ben Lomond, the highest mountain in Scotland—American Flag—Trip to Loch Katrine—The kind of coaches—Scenery—Walk up the hill—Stone houses—Many historic places—Stacks of peet—Scarcity of fuel—Callander—Stirling—More about castles—Greyfriar's Church—The Royal Hotel—The Scott Monument—Museum, &c.

EDINBURG, SCOTLAND, July 10.

After writing the above date and address I sat for some time trying to decide what character I would give my letter. I am still undecided. I don't just see how to get the doings of the day in one letter, and yet I feel that I can't bear to abbreviate. As indicated by the programme posted the day before, we yesterday took breakfast at 6 o'clock and entered the cars at 7. One section came direct to this place and arrived early in the forenoon. The other section for Ballock, the southern extremity of Loch Lomond, the scene of Scott's Lady of the Lake, where they were transferred to a steamer which carried them to Inversnaid, a distance of twenty-three miles, crossing the lake five times in the journey, and landing at Balmada, Luss, Rowardenan and Tarbet. Directly after leaving, we passed Inch Murrin, the Duke of Montrose's deer park. This Scottish gentleman owns a matter of twenty-five miles square of the historic highlands, and his sheep and cattle clip the grass and chew the cud of contentment upon the territory made famous by history

and song. I fancied these animals felt their importance, for there was an air of contentment about them, and they seemed utterly unmoved, in any way, by the vast cavalcade invading their domains. I may say that the cattle were few, but that sheep were about in all directions as far as the eye could see or the country be brought within range of a field-glass. And they were splendid fellows, their long wool often hanging nearly to the ground.

In this little run we passed the gate of the Highlands, the Isle of Woman and Drunkard's Island, a place once used for curing men of drunkenness—the mountains called The Cobbler and his Wife, Ben Lomond, and a great number of others that have their history and legends but which I have forgotten now. But Lomond is the tallest mountain in Great Britain, being 3,170 feet high. We arrived at Inversnaid at half-past ten. The American flag was flapping in the breeze in front of the hotel here, and of course we had to cheer it. I presume if the time had been given us we would have felt in duty bound to go in and eat a high-priced lunch through sheer gratitude for this show of American patriotism on the part of the proprietors. But we hadn't time for this as the coaches were in waiting to carry us over to Loch Katarine, a distance of five or six miles. These coaches are made especially for tourists. There is a low, box-like, covered body into which whatever baggage there may be is carried, and across the top of this are four seats, including that of the driver, each capable of comfortably seating four persons, three seats facing to the front, that behind the driver facing to the rear. They are very strong and are drawn by splendid horses, generally four to each, between the two lakes, though the one I got upon had only two, which gave the gentlemen in the party the privilege of walking to the summit of the mountain. I did not regret it. My Colorado experience made it light work, albeit I wore my overcoat, the pockets of which were stuffed with something less than a ton of guide books, rubber shoes belonging to the ladies of the party and other trinkets too tedious to mention.

The scene was very beautiful to me, and wonderously so to those who had not seen a Mountainous country before. The

Highlands resemble, in a great measure, some of the districts down in Southwestern Colorado, and though not so grand and awe-inspiring, have the advantage of being, in most cases, clothed in verdure of various shades to their summits. Now and then I heard the roar of the little waterfalls, and away below, on the right, ran quite a stream towards Loch Lomond. As I walked up, I several times, inadvertently, went to the edge of the cliffs and looked down to see if there were any signs of trout. I had no doubt they were there in abundance, but as I neither had the time nor a permit from the Duke to angle in the water of his domains, I passed on to the summit and climbed upon the coach when it came up. In this ride several noted places were pointed out to us, among which were an old fort near the road, erected in 1713 to overawe Rob Roy (alias Robert Macgregor Campbell) and the hut in which Helen, his wife, was born. On looking at the hut there was no wonder at Helen being the woman she was. In an hour from starting we reached Stronachlachler, at the western end of Loch Katrine, where we spent the time rowing upon the lake, gathering flowers, and climbing the adjoining mountain. The only buildings here are the handsome hotel and outhouses, all of stone. And it may be just as well to say now, that I have not seen a brick or frame house, so far, in Scotland. The last one of them is stone, which gives to them an air of permanence truly pleasing. The residences are superb, and the public buildings are royal. One don't feel afraid of storms, nor very much of fire. What a contrast, in this respect, between this and our own country!

At half past 12 the Rob Roy steamed up from the other end of the lake, put off a party of tourists, took ours aboard and steamed back to the other end, where we took another set of coaches for Callander. Loch Katerine, the guide books tell us, is the grandest lake in Scotland. I am willing to believe it. In this run we passed many noted places, among which were the peaks of Ben An and Ben Venu, and Ellen's Isle. On taking the coaches again, we soon entered the territory called the Trossachs, the foot hills or lower ranges of the Highlands, and after a two mile drive, stopped for lunch at the elegant hotel which stands above the road side. I don't just understand

how the lordly Duke of Montrose was induced to allow these hotels to be erected on his premises for fear of some one scaring his sheep. He certainly is apprehensive about his sheep, for a little further on, where the road passes at the foot of Ben Lodi, there are two sign boards a quarter of a mile apart, requesting tourists who visit the mountain, not to stray upon the moor for fear of upsetting the sheep. I looked for a path to the mountain, but there was none, and consequently the sign was unintelligible to me.

After lunch we proceeded to Callander, which we reached at four o'clock, passing en route, Loch Achray, the glen, Loch Vennachar, the water works of Glasgow, over forty miles distant, the bridge of Tark, and Colantogle Ford, where Fitz James fought with Roderick Dhu. At Callander a special train was waiting to carry us to Sterling. The road we drove over was a magnificent one, in perfect order, while the foliage, on either hand, was generally in full bloom, and kept the ladies in a continual state of excitement. Most of the soil is wet and boggy, even far up the mountain sides, and is fit only for grazing purposes. In many places we saw where they had dug and stacked up peet to dry for use as fuel. Timber is quite scarce in most places, and I guess the Duke don't allow the few tenants he has in that region to burn any of it.

We sped through the country and towns along the road to Stirling without stopping, and reached there in half an hour. Leaving our hand baggage we tumbled out and proceeded directly to the Castle. There it goes again. I can't help it. The country is full of them. As I sit here in the hotel I look out my window and see an immense one frowning down upon the city from a great bluff in the heart of Edinburg. The whole history of the country and people are connected and interwoven with castles. Their kings and queens lived within their unsightly walls and reared and educated their children within them. I would rather it would have been them than myself. They generally had a good view of the country, of course, and had the satisfaction, often, of seeing their enemies march up and squat around and starve them out, but I fancy their home comforts were few and their list of luxuries shorter than my

little finger, unless written in a very bold and scattering hand. I saw a chair of James the VI, and one of James II, and the "little one" sat down in them, and I will take my affidavit that almost any ordinary, old, straight-backed wooden chair in a darkie cabin, in the South, would sit as easy. So you must excuse me if I find it impossible to keep out of the castle business, as I had intended.

In many respects Stirling is one of the most historic places in Scotland. The things enacted there and in view of the castle furnished much material for Scottish history and song. The castle seems to have been erected in detachments at different dates, and with little apparent order. The people of those times had a queer conception of architecture—at least in this part of the hemisphere. The statistics of the castle in question go back as far as Alexander I, who died in it in 1124. Mary, Queen of Scots, was crowned here, and some miserable old scoundrel got Douglas in, and had him pitched out one of the windows, after having him stabbed, and broke his neck. The present Queen has put in a memorial glass in the window through which Douglas was thrown. The guide books are full of this castle, and the guide who conducted the squad I was with, had committed the entire batch to memory, and practiced it daily in his garret when he had no tourist to bore with his twaddle. The distance from the walls to the valley, through which winds the Forth, is 340 feet, and the view of the surrounding country is said to be unequalled anywhere in Great Britain. It is very easy to take this as a fact. I think I never saw a more magnificent sight, leaving entirely out of question all feelings brought up by a knowledge of the events which occurred upon the territory covered by the vision.

The town itself is the oddest looking place. The narrow street that leads up the hill to the castle is more crooked than a dog's hind leg, and literally jammed with funny houses. For the first time I disregarded my temperance principles in the Old World, and dropped into one of those houses and took a glass of wine. Upon asking the price the vendor replied, as it sounded to me, "tup punce, hay penny"—inflection on the word "hay." He was too much for me, but pulling out a hand-

full of miserable coppers and holding them towards him, he took out two pennies and one half penny—in other words, my glass of wine reduced my finances in the neighborhood of five cents in civilized coin.

Adjoining the castle is the Greyfriar's Church, founded in 1594, and in it John Knox preached a sermon at the coronation, there, of James the VI. It was the church of the martyr Guthrie and of Ebenezer Erskine, one of the founders of the United Presbyterian Church. I did not go to it. The day's work had floored the "little one" and myself, and we sauntered back to the depot. I presume we did not miss much. A lady of the party told me she had gone there, and as she was strolling through the aisles of the building she remarked to a lady near her, it seemed strange that she should be in the very Church whose pews had been occupied by renowned persons hundreds of years ago, and that in reply the lady, with a shrug of the shoulder, said it looked like a mighty old-fashioned thing to her, and she couldn't see what there was in it for people to come trotting so far to see. I expect the place had a mouldy smell to her, and she had left her ammonia in her satchel in the car.

When we reached the depot we learned that our train would back up on the track on the farther side, so that to reach it we would have to cross over. Well, sir, they made us go up a flight of stairs, cross the road through a covered bridge, and come down on the other side, when there was not a train or a single car in sight, our train being somewhere out of town. One or two stragglers coming up and seeing the party across on the opposite side of the depot, started across the tracks as though they were at home, but a guard stopped them and sent them overland. They have some regard for life in this country.

To the minute our train ran up, was soon filled, the doors locked and the train speeding away for this city, which we reached at half-past seven. The whole party—all sections—were quartered at the Royal Hotel where we found the rooms already assigned and the baggage in them and unstrapped. Dinner began at a quarter after eight and finished in one hour—too late for the theater. The hotel is a fine one and the view from its front windows is one which, it seems to me, would

never become commonplace or irksome. The rooms are handsome and the beds are as inviting as it is possible for them to be, the sheets and pillow-slips being the nicest linen.

This morning I took another stroll about the city and was continually running against monuments and buildings of interest, including the Albert Memorial, that cost \$40,000, the Scott Monument, in front of our hotel, that cost \$75,000, and many other handsome and imposing ones. I went a part of the way up the Scott Monument but gave out upon reaching the museum, which I entered and saw the few relics there. Among them was an autograph note written in 1832 by Walter Scott, inviting some one to attend the funeral of his father, and a programme of the Royal Theater of the same date, announcing the play of Rob Roy Macgregor, and closing with the information that the next week would open with Othello, with Mr. Keene in the role of that name.

Some seventy went to Roslin Castle, others went to Abbotsford and Melrose Abbey, while some went to all these, and others drove about over the city. I purchased stereoscopic views of the first two places, and after noon laid up to work on this letter and get a rest. Since I began the letter, parties have been returning and regaling me with high wrought descriptions of what they have seen, until I have been so worked up I think I will never squander any hours in doors another day. It is the first day that has been without more or less rain for weeks, and the streets were thronged with people. In my rambles I came across a Puich and Judy show which I witnessed with a great crowd and no little satisfaction.

The programme for to-morrow is to take in the lions of the city, including two more castles, and at nine o'clock at night leave by rail for London, stopping at Kenilworth and Warwick on Saturday long enough to see the things there and frighten the people. To-day being a day extra in this place on account of the arrival of the ship one day ahead of time, the action of each was independent and at his own expense, but to-morrow will be under the printed programme, which covers the entire tour, in charge of our own conductors. I will go to bed and prepare for it by taking a rest. The first and fifth sections are

to breakfast at five in the morning, and travel over our route of yesterday, though in reversed order, and return here in time to join us before leaving for London. They have a big day before them, and while they will be about crazy over the things they will see on the trip, they will be very tired on returning here to take the night ride in a train without sleepers.



LETTER IV.

A second letter from Edinburg—A drive about the city—The attention we attracted—John Knox's house—The way the streets are named—Craigmillar Castle—Edinboro Castle—Parliament Buildings—Queen Mary's bed room—Duddington's Church—Holyrood Palace—Portraits of Scotland's Kings—Visit to a Scottish Court—Curled and powdered wigs—Prepare to leave Scotland.

EDINBURG, SCOTLAND, July 11, 1879.

I did not think I would write another letter about this place. Two can only give a skimming of what is to be seen here. In order to do justice to Scotland, one ought to spend a month within its territory. On coming over here I think but very few of the party anticipated much pleasure from that part of the tour which led through Scotland, but rather looked beyond it for that which was to please. The visit has been an agreeable surprise to most of them, and as for myself, I don't think it possible for me to derive more pleasure from anything that is ahead of us. One thing I regret, and that is, that I was not better posted in the history of the country before I left home. Still, I can now read it with an interest that I could not have had before.

Our party left the hotel at nine o'clock, in open vehicles, one half going one way and the other another. Either was a big caravan, and attracted much attention, even in this place, where gangs of tourists, at this season of the year, are numerous and often very large. In one narrow street, called Canongate, that passes by the old Tolbooth of that name, and is a continuation of Netherbow, upon which is located John Knox's house, the crowd was immense, and the shouting of the urchins and girls was almost deafening. This, of course, brought the inmates of

houses to the doors and windows, so that we had about as much attention paid us as is usually accorded to a circus pageant on show day. Our course lay out the Dalkeith road, the old stage route towards the south, and gave us a fine view of the country. As we drove through the city, before reaching the suburbs, we found that the street, though a continuous one, changed its name just seven times. We had experienced something of the kind in our stroll about Glasgow, but in a different way. To reach a certain place good for shopping, we were to follow one street so far, and in our efforts to do so, after inquiring of two hundred and one people, we found that the erratic thing twisted around corners, whether at right angles or in a curve, in such utter disregard to all former experience of city thoroughfares, that we have not yet recovered from the effects of the discovery. Yesterday I chased a street entirely around a square in search of a gunmaker whose name had been given to me by a member of the Marooner Club at home.

Three miles out we came to the ruins of Craigmillar Castle and dismounted to invade it. The old wooden door which closes the entrance was shut and locked, and some one appropriately suggested it was closed for repairs. I have a view of this castle, and if any one wants to see it when I get home I will exhibit it to him and act the guide by chattering from the local guide-book. As we stood there awaiting the arrival of the keeper, one lady looked listlessly about and then asked of some one near her, "what is peculiar about this place that we should be brought here?" We have an intelligent party but there are some odd persons connected with it, and I find their ideas and talk often quite amusing. This morning a prominent lady declared her intention to spend the day at the hotel, but the conductor urged her to go with the party, telling her we should visit Edinboro Castle, Holyrood Palace, Parliament buildings, etc. She innocently remarked that she did not know there was anything at those places to see. But she went, and after we got out upon the road she said to the conductor, "You see what an influence you had with me." History had none. Is there any use of such a person travelling in a country whose interest lies largely in the records of its past?

Craigmillar Castle, though most of the upper portion has tumbled in and the ivy has crept about it and hides many of the signs of decay, was more striking in its arrangement and the intricacies of its numerous passages, dungeons, stairways and the like, than any we had before seen. All that portion which lies under ground was as dark as night, yet by the aid of matches and holding on to each other's hands we explored perhaps the most of it, and I think I caught a cold in doing so, as I did an awful amount of sneezing at the dinner table. We could, without the aid of a guide, distinguish the banquet hall and the kitchen adjoining, with its great fire place eleven feet wide, all perfectly intact. With these in view, it was not hard to imagine the roaring fires kept up here to roast the animals and consume the wood, which, perhaps, had someting to do with creating a fuel famine in this country. We went through what is shown as Queen Mary's bed-room—a little cuddy hole, seven by five feet, especially short on light and ventilation. So, you see, the Queens in those days did not have very sumptuous apartments. If the Queen was a goodly sized lady and had much of a bed, I can't imagine what disposition she made of herself when not reclining. There was neither mantle or window sill to sit upon, and no hooks in the wall from which to swing herself. I leave you to solve the difficulty.

We returned by way of Duddingston and saw Duddingston Church, where the Scottish Chiefs were wont to go on Sunday. The stone tile upon which the lassies dismounted and mounted, was pointed out; and near the gate leading through the wall to the building, was the iron stock or collar, attached to the wall by a chain nearly eaten up with rust, where men who had offended were collared and kept there for a season while those entering at the gate were privileged to spit in the criminal's face, with no restriction as to chewers of tobacco. Jeanie Dean's cottage was pointed out to us, and very many other objects of interest in this drive.

At length we reached Holyrood Palace, the chief object of our drive, and here spent an hour or more in looking the building over and taking an inventory of what is in sight. The original part of the palace is in ruins, but the more modern part

is in good repair, and the greater part of it furnished for the use of the Queen of England, when she may choose to come over. That part was not open to visitors. We could not get even a peep through an opening in one of the blinds to see if modern Queen's live more luxuriously than those who passed off the stage before them.

We were turned loose in one room 123 feet long by 46 wide, where hang the portraits of all the Queens and Kings of Scotland. The guide mentioned their great value, when a lady present remarked they certainly could not be valued highly on account of their beauty. The most of them are very coarse looking fellows, and some of them look like a set of bloody butchers. Whether that be the fault of the painter or the physiognomy of the subjects, history does not record. We were shown some of the rough stone coffins in which notable personages had been buried, and they did not speak very highly of the skill of the workmen in stone of the day in which they were dug out. Then we went through Lord Darnley's rooms and saw his furniture and the tapestry, that if new would be a credit for this day and generation. The chairs in these rooms had two silken cords running from the back of the chair to the front part of the seat and crossing in the center. This was a modern arrangement, and was done to prevent pilgrims from dabbing down it to them and wearing them out. Our party never pass a noted chair but that we must sit in it and twist about a while and look foolish; and I expect the parties having charge of this place had heard of our landing upon the shores of Scotland, and had been making preparations for us. I noticed many of the old articles of furniture had been chipped by relic hunters, and if not better protected, will be literally carried away. So far our own party has not been very bad in this respect. Dr. Tourjee caught one of them breaking a piece of stone at the Queen's lookout, in Stirling Castle, and gave him a lecturing over it, saying such things would compromise our entire party.

We next went into Queen Mary's audience-room, her bed-chamber, and the dining-room. In the first was the bed, made up and all complete, used by royalty as far back as the 16th

century, and it did have an old look about it and no mistake. In the Queen's chamber was her own bed and much of the tapestry of the room. Rizzio was killed in the dining-room, dragged out through her chamber to the farther side of the audience room and left there till the floor was stained with his blood. To shut it out the Queen engaged a carpenter and had him build a partition between the spots and the main part of the room. The guides tried to show us the spots, and we jammed each other about mightily to make room for the few straggling rays of light coming in there, but I don't believe I am fully satisfied I clearly saw any signs of blood. The guide was joked a good deal about it—was asked how often the spot was renewed, etc., but he took it all in good part and was equal to the emergency. He was a very clever old fellow, and I think believed all that he said. In front of this old palace is the handsomest fountain in Scotland.

From here we went to the house of John Knox and paraded and crowded about in the little box of a concern. A lady coming out was asked what was in there. She replied, "nothing much, but a musty smell." I am afraid the olfactories of some of our people are too good. Thence to the Parliament where Lords Currie, Hill and Churchill were holding Court in their respective rooms, and four distinguished looking fellows were sitting in a larger room as a Court of Appeals. Of course we went in. We go in every where they will let us and the dog don't look too vicious. I saw, for the first time, the gowns and curled and powdered wigs worn by all lawyers in attendance upon Courts in this country. I knew of this dress and had often seen pictures of it, but to see live men going about in such toggery appeared queer.

From here we filed off and went to St. Giles Church, near by, where Knox held forth in the 16th century. I forget the name of the present pastor. This place had a more mouldy smell than any I had been in before. I presume the pastor dampens his handkerchief with cologne before going in to preach. We wound up the day with a visit to Edinboro Castle. I shall pass it briefly. It is in a good state of preservation, the decayed portions having been restored. A regiment of soldiers is sta-

tioned within it and two or three batteries of very old guns overlook its ramparts. One of these guns is fired by electricity at noon every day, Greenwich time. Here is a cannon made in 1486, and bursted in 1680. Around it lie some of its old stone bullets. Its calibre is about fifteen inches or more. If it bursted in 1680 I imagine it was the first and only time it was ever fired. The degree of its strength was amazingly low. The old crown jewels of Scotland are kept here in a large glass case, and that protected by a strong iron cage. Close by sits the chest in which they were discovered after being missing so long. From this castle one has a most splendid view of Edinburg and its environs. I forgot to mention that we were shown, also, the Heart of Mid Lothian. It is near St. Giles Church, Parliament Buildings, and the Tolbooth; and the spot is marked by granite stones of different hues set into the pavement in the form of a heart.

To-night, at 9, we are to take our departure from Scotland. I can not close without saying again how delightful our stay here has been. So much has been crowded into so short a space I find it impossible to realize that it has been less than four days since we landed from the ship. I like these Scottish people and I have no doubt they like to have us among them. They are always polite and cheerfully give you all the information they can. I don't think they appreciate their poets as much as American's do. One morning two of us were hunting the house in which Walter Scott had lived. In the neighborhood of the place we were directed to go, we asked an intelligent and well dressed man if Scott ever lived there. He seemed puzzled; said he didn't know, then studied a moment as though communing with himself, and asked: "Who did you say, sir?" Upon our again mentioning the name of Scott, he looked at us inquiringly, and then said: "Oh, Scott, I thought you said Lord Brougham's; yes, sir, perhaps that is the house," and then walked on. The vendors of wares in the basement could not even tell us where the house was, and I doubt if they knew. The memory of the great poet don't keep them awake of nights. But we found the house.

LETTER V.

Edinburg to London—Twilight in Scotland—Kenilworth Castle—Breakfast under a Shed—Visit to the home of Shakspeare—Lunch at the Old Red Horse—The ravages of Relic Hunters—At Inns of Court Hotel, London—Sabbath in the great City—Spurgeon.

LONDON, ENGLAND, July 13, 1879.

On Friday night, at 9 o'clock, we left Edinburg by special train, the entire party being together and filling just twenty cars drawn by two locomotives. At the hotel, as we began to file out and enter the long line of vehicles in waiting to carry us to the depot, the citizens began to gather to see the large array of Americans, until the throng became so immense in the broad street that it required great activity on the part of the policemen to keep the walks clear for pedestrians, and to allow us to get away. And as our train whirled through the country with the placards "engaged" posted on the car windows, people would look in wonder until we had gone out of sight. You may be troubling your minds as to how the placards could be read at that time at night. At first this was something I could not at once get used to, but on the brighter days in Scotland it did not get what we called dark at home till after 11 o'clock, and at no time during the night so dark as it does in America. The evening we left Edinburg I read a newspaper in the cars by the light of the heavens after ten o'clock, and was able to resume the next morning, without the aid of other light, as early as

three o'clock ; and my organs of vision are not first class at that. We ran all night and were tolerably comfortable in the first class carriages where four rode together. The train reached Kenilworth at six o'clock in the morning and remained till 9:50. From the depot we walked or rode, as we chose, to Kelinworth Castle, distant about a mile, over a pleasant drive, and took breakfast at a hotel near by, where the most excellent, nicely cooked beef and mutton, and other good things, were served in bounteous quantities under a long shed arranged for the special occasion. After breakfast we "did" the Castle, but I will attempt no description of it, as I have been into that line so much already since coming here, I am inclined to let them alone. Nearly all of this Castle is in ruins, only that part being preserved where two or three rooms are filled with relics, all of which are duly inventoried and entered into more than a hundred note books. I generally buy a guide book of these noted places, check off the articles as I see them, and stuff the book in my pocket. What I am to do with this accumulation of baggage is beginning to be a serious question with me. Besides their cost, which is the smaller item, they are likely to overload my trunk. Kelinworth Castle is made famous by Scott's novel of that name, and during the season of tourists, thousands flock there. No castle, so far, has interested me as much as Craigmillar, near Edinburg. I may say, however, that of all the castles I have seen Kelinworth was the only one in which Queen Mary had not had an abode at some time or another. That Queen Mary, if you take for true all that is said as to where she kept herself, had rather a roving disposition there can scarcely be a doubt. And when I think again of the cramped-up room at Craigmillar used by her as bed chamber, I fancy she must have made her stay short there.

From Kelinworth we proceeded to Stratford-on-Avon, our train having to go upon two other roads for the trip. Here we stayed from 11:50 A. M. to 3 P. M. lunching under the auspices of the Old Red Horse Inn, but in a Bowling Alley about a square behind the Inn and back of the court through which we passed to reach it. The people at this Inn attach much importance to the visit there of Washington Irving, and the room he

occupied during his stay, now used as a reception room, contains his picture, copies of some of his works, the chair he sat in and other mementoes of the man. Shakspeare doubtless had many a spree in this old tavern.

Of all the funny looking places we had seen, Stratford-on-Avon beat the list. Aside from the fact that it was the home of Shakspeare, it is well worth a visit by those who happen in this part of the country. I saw an old thatched building called the "Thatch Inn," that struck me as so very peculiar I hunted all over the place for a picture of it, without success. I believe I would rather have had it than one of the poet's house. But the inside of the poet's old home is more fantastic than the outside appearance, though most of the rooms are much larger than those of other dwelling houses of that time.

Again I saw evidences of the vandals who had been here before us. Much of the woodwork had been chipped by the knives of relic-hunters. I despise them, and I think I would stay over a day to testify against one if there was a law for punishing them. I honestly believe, if unmolested, they would carry away the Savior's tomb if He was corporeal and His body rested beneath. In the room called the museum are very many of the relics of Shakspeare; articles of furniture, drinking vessels, manuscripts and originals of the first printed editions of some of his plays, covering quite a variety. The original of a portrait taken of him at 35, and said to be the best one ever painted, occupies a fire-proof safe, high up at one end of the room, which at first look appears set in the wall. This safe is closed and locked every night. In many places the falling timbers of this house, which has an interest to people over so large a part of the world, is strengthened by the addition of iron in such a manner as not to change at all the original appearance. I expect one of these days they will have to surround the entire building with a strong case, then put a regiment of honest soldiers to guard it. I think relic hunters could get away with it more quickly than it would go through natural decay.

After leaving Stratford-on-Avon our train brought us directly here, flying through the country, and by elegant stations on the way with the highest speed, stopping at only two or three sta-

tions en route, and arriving at the London station at 6:50 P. M., after a most enjoyable day for us. A few miles back we dropped the four cars containing section IV, that they might come in on another track and stop at a different hotel. Vehicles were in waiting to carry us to Inns of Court Hotel, where again we found our rooms already assigned, and our luggage (they don't call it baggage here) in them and unstrapped. We have had a very easy time about our luggage and all kinds of transportation. I must write one letter about it. I think that would interest as much as anything else. We began dinner at 8:30 P. M. and got away from the table at 9:30. I would have been in bed before that hour at home.

To-day, after breakfasting at 9, most of the party attended some church. I went to the tabernacle where Spurgeon holds forth, and on reaching there found a stream pouring into it. Every one except members and Americans were then being refused tickets. "American" was our password and it passed us in. The building very much resembles a theater with three tiers, except that the upper two run all the way around the house, while at the lower one, where a stage would be, runs out a platform for the choir, and above this, not extending so far out, is another platform which serves as a pulpit. A plain railing runs around both of these, the pulpit being a plain table behind which sat a sofa, and to the right of the speaker a chair, constituting all the furniture in sight. There is no ornamentation about the building. Its seating capacity is near 7,000. I was fearful the great man was not to preach that day as he has been sick lately and has failed two or three times to put in an appearance. On entering I asked a member about it, and was told I would hear Spurgeon. Well, I did hear him, and I would not have missed doing so for a great deal. He read a long lesson, and made such extended remarks upon it that when he went to give out the second hymn, which was sung, and prayed his second time, I felt sorry he was through. But just then he announced his text, mentioned his sub-divisions and launched out, no doubt to the delight of every man, woman and child in the congregation.

I gathered that the Archbishop of Canterbury had requested that to-day be set apart as a day of prayer for the cessation of the long and damaging spell of wet weather they have been experiencing in the country. The Rev. gentleman spoke of the hardness of the times, and charged it upon the Government. He criticised their action in unmeasured terms, and especially that part which brought so many wars upon their hands. He asserted that they invaded domains they had no right to, and that Great Britain, in that respect, was no better than a thief or a robber, using those very words. He believed in prayer, but thought this would not result in good because the Nation would not acknowledge their errors. After excoriation upon excoriation he wound up that head of his subject by saying in substance: "I have expressed my belief upon this matter and you can make the most of it. It was on my conscience and I was compelled to get rid of it." Alluding once to America he spoke of her people as being leaders in enlightenment and religion. The two members whose pew two of us occupied seemed anxious to know how we liked their minister, and were delighted when told that Mr. Spurgeon had thousands of admirers in America.

A big programme is out for us to-morrow, and I will close and take a rest for it.



LETTER VI.

A day in London—Drive through the great city and the sights we saw—House of Lords and House of Commons—A British Court—Impressions—Leaving London—Crossing the North Sea—Arrival at Rotterdam—Best breakfast we met in Europe—Cart loads of strawberries devoured for breakfast—Description of the boats, warehouses, milkwagons, women and dogs—The primitive ways—Cleanliness of the Hollanders—Peculiar customs—A tour about the city—Trip to The Hague—The Hotel—Glad to get out of Holland.

ROTTERDAM, HOLLAND, July 15, 1879.

My last letter was written at London, on Sunday night. The next morning at nine we took vehicles and drove through parts of the city. It was a little foggy—they have fogs in London now and then—and we had one or two showers, but the things to be seen were of such unbroken interest to us that we did not mind these much. Most of the party, ladies and gentlemen, are provided with rubber cloaks and hoods, and with these not much attention is paid to rain. As we are to return to this immense city at the close of our tour and stay three days, I will merely mention an outline of the drive. We passed Lincoln's Inn Hall and Library, the Law Courts, Temple Bar, office of the New York Herald, Cook's Tourists offices, Ludgate Circus and Hill, St. Paul's, telegraph office, postoffice, Peel's statue, through Newgate, past the statue of Prince Consort, up Holborn and High Hill, via Holborn Bars, by the British Museum, through Oxford street, which is lined with retail stores, Regent street, where many fashionable residences are, along Haymarket and by the theatre of that name, to the National

Gallery, along Pall Mall (Pell Mell they pronounce it,) past the War Buildings, and the magnificent Club Houses, Prince of Wales' house, through St. James street and by the Parks, past Buckingham Palace, stables and garden, out Grosvenor street and along Rotten Row, the new Museum of Natural History, and that of South Kensington, by the Albert Memorial, the Home and Foreign offices, through Stand Street to Westminster Abbey and Westminster Hall.

We went hurriedly through the Museums and were dazed with the vast array of relics and curiosities there. We saw the pictures in the National Gallery something like one sees a country as he speeds through it in a railroad car, save that once in a while, when we saw something particularly attractive, we could check up and give it a moment's more time. I would take it that either the British Museum or South Kensington (the latter of which I liked best) would afford a person of even ordinary capacity for appreciating such things, pleasure for a week or more. At St. Paul's and Westminster we groped about among the lower passages and over the tombs and by the Crypts of many a person famous in this and our own country. The Poet's Corner, in Westminster, seemed to possess more attraction for us than the more gaudy and elaborate tombs in honor of the royalty and nobility. I am sure I was far more interested in the simple tablet covering the remains of Dickens, than I was in that of any King or Queen whose life was commemorated by a monument there. Of course we jammed into the House of Lords and the House of Commons, in the former of which the Court of Lords was in session and the trial of a case was in progress. I must confess that I was not struck dumb with the appearance of the eight or ten men I saw here; and the noble Lord who had the floor while we were in, impressed me as very tiresome. If it had been at night I should have begun to yawn and gape at once. At the South Kensington Museum, they register visitors as was done at our Centennial. In 1862 the number of visitors was 1,241,369, the next highest being in 1876, when it reached 1,173,350.

We returned to the hotel at 4:30 and took an early dinner. At 8 the second section numbering seventy-four, including the

two conductors, left the hotel and taking the cars reached Harwich, the end of British territory, at 10 o'clock that night, where we were transferred to a brand new steamer, comfortably stowed away, even though as many as six were put in one room—the rooms containing that many berths—and transported across the North Sea to this place, reaching the wharf at 9:30 A. M. Here we fell in with new scenery and certainly a very different kind of people. I presume all of Holland is flat and much of it "made" land. They have a time of it keeping the channel open through the river Maas, which leads to the sea, as that stream is lined with dredging machines busy at work filling with mud the barges which lie alongside of them. The shores are flat and in most cases covered with a species of flag which is used for thatching houses, and which was being cut and tied in bundles and loaded into the small sailing vessels in various places.

As far as the eye could reach, on either hand, we could see the great clumsy windmills as their arms lazily revolved against the horizon. This was a clear day—the first we had seen since leaving New York—and we could see a long distance. The examination of our baggage was very hasty and formal, many of the smaller packages not being opened at all. They do not suspect tourists of coming here as a matter of speculation. The vessels of these Hollanders are very heavy, unshapely things—a sort of enlargement of their ungraceful wooden shoes. Their yawls or skiffs are worse, even, than their sailers, and they sit right near the bow and row with a pair of oars which very much resemble a big fence rail, straightened and flattened a bit at the end which dips heavily into the water. These skiffs, I would guess, propel about as easily as a water-soaked log. On arrival at the wharf we were driven to the Victoria Hotel, where we found the best breakfast awaiting us we have had in Europe, making due allowance for sharpened appetites by fasting since the evening before. Napkins were on the table large enough for two of them to make a sheet for a narrow bed, and they and the table cloths were of such spotless whiteness that we all felt sorry we could not stop here long enough to have some washing done.

Just about the time we were through with our meal, some one came in with a little stone jar, resembling a small flower pot, filled with the biggest and most luscious strawberries I ever saw in any country, and upon announcing that there was a cart at the door loaded with them, and for sale at only two cents a pot full, there was a stampede out there. The supply was not exhausted, for before one cart could be emptied another would heave in sight, until we could eat no more. I never saw and never expect to see again so large a quantity of this delicious berry disappear in so short a time. Directly after this, on starting out to take a stroll, three women signaled me to buy some berries. Placing my hand in the region of my stomach I moved it up to my throat and made a mark there, indicating how full I was, at which the women laughed heartily.

Things are primitive here in many respects. The larger business houses, fronting on the numerous canals, lower their freight from the upper stories by a single rope running over a pulley from above and around a check-post to regulate the speed of descent. I saw no block and tackle, and presume they hoist by main strength and awkwardness. The women wash the clothes on the sidewalk, and use a species of pestle like an old-fashioned "hominy beater," and scrub the pieces with the wash brush that we use for cleaning wood-work, by laying the article against the inside of the tub. They pound away with little regard to passers-by, who, if they don't want a little soap suds fly upon them, must take the middle of the street.

All transportation, or nearly all, of goods, wares and merchandise, except the heavy articles, is done on long trucks with a pair of wheels near the centre; on wheelbarrows, and the shoulders of women by means of the neck yoke resting on the back and shoulders, and into a depression of which fits the neck. The trucks are propelled by men, women or dogs, and now and then by all three combined. It was the first time in my life I had seen dogs used in this way except for the amusement of children in harnessing them up to little wagons. I saw one heavily loaded truck with a woman in front pulling, a boy and girl behind pushing, and two dogs harnessed and hitched in underneath, one of which was setting to with all his might, while

the other was shirking, just as other people do on rare occasions. The milk wagon is nothing more or less than a woman with one of these yokes with a keg attached to each end, having a sliding cover which is removed when they deliver milk. I saw several of these and was trying to guess what they were. At last one put down her load in front of a residence, rang the door bell, and waited for the opening of the door, while I leaned against a tree near the canal to witness the result. The measure hung inside the keg, while two earthen pitchers were attached to each, outside. What these were for I have not yet found out. I may do so before leaving Holland. The sidewalks are narrow, and as these women go swinging along with baskets or kegs, one has to keep a good look out or he stands a chance of getting his shins rubbed.

I never saw a more cleanly people than these Hollanders here in Rotterdam. The children, especially, looked as though it were Sunday and they had just been tumbled out of a band-box. Even the workmen and lower classes were all clean. I think I didn't see a dirty man, woman or child about the city except, perhaps, a few on board some of the lubberly vessels at the wharf. The women are generally good looking, not handsome, and every one seemed cheerful. I saw very few unattractive faces amongst them, and not a single beggar.

After parading about the city independently for an hour in squads of two, three or a dozen, we were placed in fifteen carriages, similar to your nicer two horse hacks, and had a two or three hour's drive over the city. I guess tourists don't come to Rotterdam much, for even in our little walk we were known as foreigners and gazed at, but as our caravan went whirling through the streets we kicked up a racket the like of which I never saw where only common people were riding through a town. Men, women and children flocked to the doors and windows to look at us, and pedestrians would stop and watch us till we were out of sight. In passing an intersecting street our line of carriages would block it up, and before the rear had passed, we had a crowd of curious spectators on either side reaching often a square away. The better to see I sat on the roof of the carriage behind the driver, and in my efforts to re-

tain my seat, see all the sights, and enter a memorandum once in a while, I had a busy time of it. We hauled up once and dismounted at a church, when the crowd became immense. Just before resuming the march, the women got so thick and pressed so closely around a carriage occupied by four young ladies that they were compelled to close the window. At this carriage one woman looked admiringly at its occupants and said, "Oh how beautiful you all are." Two of the ladies understood her. I hadn't thought before that we were burdened with beauty and I am skeptical on that point yet. But tastes will differ.

There is one thing here which I think would take an American a long time to get used to, and that is the use, in very public places, of the entirely exposed urinals. They have them for men in nearly every nook and corner outside of the church where we stopped, right upon the narrow side walk, and approach them in about the same spirit, but with somewhat less concern than one of our ladies would stop to adjust a disarranged shoe. At the depot women had charge of these places, and one stood at the door directing our gentlemen who couldn't decipher the Holland lingo, the way to go.

At 3 o'clock we wound up our ride at the magnificent depot just at the edge of the city, where we took the cars for the Hague, arriving there in half an hour and passing the town of Scheidam on the way, a name familiar to Americans from the few bottles of Schnapps drank in that country. We have seen no fences in Holland, and are told we will see none. The little narrow fields away back from the railroad remind one some of the plantations on the sugar coast in Louisiana, with the exception that they are much smaller and are separated by small canals or ditches apparently about four feet wide. At crossings there are bridges and gates. I presume they don't do it, but it looks to me as if the stock could easily jump these ditches.

No hotel at The Hague could bed away all of our party, so the ladies and married couples quartered at the Hotel Belle Vue, and the others came over here. I don't know the name of the hotel, but it's all right. We are experiencing much trouble and deriving a great deal of amusement over our inabil-

ity to speak the language, while the money confuses us beyond calculation. In my stroll around the city this afternoon, I made a purchase and handed the woman a sixpence left over from the English supply. She looked at it inquiringly and muttered something that was all Hottentot to me, but did not take the thing. Drawing out my entire stock in trade, including both English and American pieces of silver and copper and one small coin of her own outlandish stuff, worth about four cents, her face brightened up and she took the little fellow and gave me back four pieces of copper. I am glad I am going to get out of Holland soon.



LETTER VII.

Talk about The Hague—A woman pulling a Canalboat—The stores—The Picture Galleries—Departure for Haarlem to attend a Concert—A Dutch Wedding—Arrival at Amsterdam and the doings there—Trouble over *Table de Hote*—Holland an entertaining place to visit.

AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND, July 16, 1879.

In Glasgow, Scotland, I saw a man working in the shafts of a cart well laden with coal, while a woman was pushing, but it was reserved for us to see, at The Hague, the seat of the Government and the home of royalty, a woman acting horse and pulling a good sized canal boat, while a man sat lazily in the stern of the vessel steering. This sight rather shocked the feelings of our party. Some one, in mitigation of this apparent injustice, suggested that perhaps the man and woman took turn about, and all of us felt sorry it happened to be the woinan's watch just at that time. All the other boats we had seen were towed by men who got down and "scratched gravel" like any other horse. Horse flesh must be scarce or human flesh superabundant in Holland.

I got up early this morning and sauntered through the streets of the Hague. People don't seem to be early risers there. Very few pedestrians were astir, not even the tippler out for his early horn. I saw a few men around trucks laden with peat, and now and then a servant girl who had been over to a neighbor to borrow some matches to start the breakfast fire. The city

was very quiet. It is well that so much of the transportation is done by other modes than on wagons. The noise would be deafening. I now understand why so many of the doors to stores are kept closed in Glasgow and Edinburg. If they did not do it they would have to keep a supply of speaking trumpets and ear trumpets, too, in order to carry on necessary conversation. Here, in the smaller stores, the entrance is by one small door into a hall and then into the shop. Often both of these are closed and the only evidence there is that articles are for sale within is that given by the little show window attached to the front of the house. Sometimes one has to look around and take the bearings a good while before he is sure of the right door, and when he finds it, has to ring the owner up from an unknown quarter of the house.

In front of very many of the windows, and especially the front ones of residences, are two looking glasses fastened by iron arms holding frames at an angle so that one within may sit back and see those moving along the street, while in others are wire-netting, enabling the occupants of the room to stand at the window and see out and not be recognized. While meandering about this morning I saw a milk-maid milking one of the little asses of this country, three others standing patiently by having already been milked or waiting their turn. A moment or two later I saw the driver taking some away that had been milked. At breakfast one of our boys said there were four kinds of milk in Holland; cow's milk, ass's milk, goat's milk and sour milk, and that he had tried them all but the latter. That young man has an inquiring turn of mind. He and I had some letters to mail, and it would have done you good to see us wrestling with the landlord for stamps and settling with him after we got them. The efforts of some of our folks to talk the language of these people causes both amusement and consternation. I never attempt it. There are many who can read the language, but I find them but little better off than those who know nothing about it.

After an early breakfast we did the city in a body, on foot, passing the Government buildings and going through the two picture galleries of the place, in which we saw many pictures,

the work of artists famous in this and our own country. There was one large painting that particularly attracted our attention. We had heard of it before reaching here, but it required no eulogies to arouse our admiration. It had been spoken of as "Potter's Bull," and was painted by Julius Potter in 1649, who died at the age of 29. Though known as the "Bull" there are four other prominent characters in the foreground, a cow and her calf, a sheep, and a man who stands leaning against a tree, under which they are resting, with an air of satisfaction on his face. One could almost imagine he saw these animals breathe; and it would have hardly surprised any one if the frog near by had hopped off the canvas into the middle of the room. This young genius painted another picture—representing a pack of dogs in conflict with a bear, the hunter witnessing the struggle; and the thing appeared so terribly real that it was impossible not to have a feeling of pity for the poor dogs that were being lacerated and killed by the infuriated beast that fought for life. It is impossible to tell what round of fame that mere youth would have reached if he had lived to the age of fifty or more.

I am sorry for the credit of my associates in this tour to say that they often turn from the paintings of such masters as Rubens, Rembrandt and others, and gaze with a species of reverential awe upon the works of some obscure fellow unknown to fame. As for myself, I must confess, early, an ignorance as to what fine paintings are. Every once in a while some member of the party will come up and say, "Oh, have you seen that fine painting in 'the other room by Mr. so and so?'" naming some noted painter, and upon my replying in the negative, dragging me off to see a work I had already passed without being attracted, and which, at last, only became a matter of interest because it was the product of so and so. Great men differ, as a matter of course, but my judgment of a picture is based upon the effect it has upon me before the painter is known. I can't admire all the works of these great men, though I have marched about them, taken sundry positions before them for the best light and shade, and kept my mind on the dead author all the time. I am afraid the "little one" is worse than I am, and I have apprehensions that she, even, has grown too old to learn to go

into ecstacies over all the paintings of the old authors. Some of our people, I suspect, never commit themselves with reference to a picture till they delve out the name of the painter, and then, if he be a big bug, cry out, "how beautiful," "such life-like expressions," "how delicate its shading;" and so on. For my own part, I never carry a catalogue into a picture gallery. I do not care for pictures which of themselves do not fix my attention without the influence of some great name; and when I do find one which does—and so far they have been pretty numerous—there are always those around me ready to give the information, as many of them spend half their time in a gallery reading their catalogues. But there is danger, anyway, of this picture business becoming a greater nuisance than that of the castles, and the time may come, before the journey is over, that I will lag behind the doors of their galleries. I would vastly rather see their people and their ways and their shops and the things they contain, than a big gallery it would take a week to see satisfactorily.

We passed the open square where some tall gun was executed, and on being shown the spot about where the deed was done, some sentimental chap feelingly remarked that perhaps his spirit now hovered over the place. "Let it hover," was answed by one not so deeply impressed. The fact is some of us are crude material, and don't work up just as kindly as we ought.

At 10:50 we took the train for this place, and on arrival at Haarlem our cars were run upon a side track, and we were allowed to march up town, astonish the Dutch, and attend a special concert given in the Cathedral, on "the world-famous organ which enjoys the proud distinction of having been played by Handel, and by Mozart, when he was only ten years old." That is a quotation from our own little guide book. I am sorry to say I had not heard of the organ before starting on this trip. Before leaving the cars, programmes of the pieces to be played were distributed by the conductor, but on reaching the Cathedral we found a marriage ceremony just beginning and we had to remain as spectators. The ceremony was a long one, in Dutch, and unimpressive, and the groom didn't seem to care a

row of pins whether school kept or not. Both he and the bride mustered out of the building just as man and wife might at the close of a sermon. Some of our ladies who are good at nosing out things, ascertained that the groom was a widower with two children and that the bride had been a servant in his family. That being the case the Americans were satisfied. On account of the delay caused by the wedding, the grand old organ, constructed by Muller, over a hundred years ago, omitted two of the eight pieces. The music was charming. I heard two pieces and then slipped out and crept about over the town till time to return to the depot and meet the party coming just as our cars were being run in to hook on the regular train for this place, which was reached at two o'clock, our gang stopping at the *Hotel des Fays Bas*, a house so odd in the arrangement and construction of its rooms that nearly half an hour was spent in visiting each other's quarters to see how all were located. Every one was pleased.

Having gotten through with this we went in a body to the Royal Museum, the finest picture gallery in Holland, and there stayed till we saw it out. For once we took our time, having nothing else to do before dinner, which had been announced for six o'clock. At dinner every one was hungry, there having been no opportunity for lunch. Americans who have not been over here will never understand till they experience it how tedious one of their dinners here is to a real hungry man. I will give the experience to-day. Down we sit on each side of a great long table, and wait till all hands are adjusted and the four feet square napkins are satisfactorily arranged. Then the soup is served. That being done, all around the soup dishes are removed and plates given you instead; then come along big dishes of fish and potatoes from which you help yourself, after eating which all plates are again changed. The bill of fare being in Holland lingo, our chief difficulty lay in our not knowing what would follow, and consequently in being unable to gauge ourselves properly for it. The danger on one hand was that if we did not partake pretty freely of the courses as they came along, others might not succeed them, and we would come out short; while on the other hand, we ran the risk of filling up before

reaching the end and getting among the goodies. To-day there were just eight courses, the plates being removed each time, and as the table was unusually full and waiters few, the process was very slow. Bread and butter were always in reach, and the temptation to nibble at these was too great to be resisted. The upshot of it was that I fell at the fifth course, after a seige of over an hour, with oceans of the most luscious cherries and strawberries in the back-ground. I think another day I will get in with the steward and borrow a bill of fare and cipher it out before dinner comes on. But it is well these dinners are long, as it is the only time during the day we get a genuine good rest. It is a splendid place to rest when we are not hungry, but rather annoying when our appetites are sharp. Whenever a member refuses an article constituting one course he has to sit it out and wait till that one is disposed of by all, and the next one comes around. Often I use this time by writing up my notes or continuing my letters, which are generally written in detachments.

Amsterdam contains near 300,000 inhabitants, and is said to be built entirely upon piles. One would not guess the character of the foundation from any evidences he sees; still, in some of the streets, I saw houses very much out of plumb, and leaning out into the street as if endeavoring to kiss their neighbors across the way. All of Holland is twenty-four to thirty feet below the level of the sea, and on that account I suspect they don't dig their cellars very deep. There is a way of cleaning out the numerous canals which one is liable to tumble into any moment if he don't keep his eyes open, and I understand it is done once a year, but I have avoided undertaking to become acquainted with the process for fear the effort and the information combined would incapacitate me from pursuing the tour. In some parts of the city the streets and sidewalks are so narrow that we could touch the houses with our umbrellas from the tops of the omnibusses as we drove from the depot to the hotel.

In the morning we are to make an early visit to the Palace and one or two old churches, and leave for Cologne at 10:40, which will give us the longest ride we have had in the cars since leaving Edinburg. We have been carried away with Holland,

and have been nearly as great a show to the people as they have been to us. It seems to me that those who omit this quaint land in a tour in Europe make a mistake. No one could possibly regret a visit here. He will probably not see a beggar in all Holland, or a single person whose appearance would indicate they stood in need of alms. I have seen none and I have tried hard to see all there is to be seen.

To day has been a cloudy and a very cool day, and my room-mate has gone to bed clear under all the cover with his heavy overcoat across the lower part of his body. So we have not suffered with heat in Holland.



LETTER VIII.

The King's Palace at Amsterdam—Scenery on the German Border—Dutch "Dams"—Clean Cities—Cologne and its Cathedral; a Costly Shrine; Big Bells—The Church of St. Ursula—Ancient Relics, and sacred Bones—"Over the Rhine"—The River of Magnificent Scenery—Bingen—Frankfort-on-the-Main—Wiesbaden and its Sycamore Avenues.

HEIDELBERG, GERMANY, July 19, 1879.

On the morning of the 17th, we visited the Palace, in Amsterdam, where the King spends eight days in the year, and had our first glimpse of the inside of the dwelling of live royalty. Over in Scotland we were looking up the abodes of dead Kings and Queens, the small remnants of whose furniture were in such dilapidation it was difficult for us to determine its original composition. Here, everything was new and in order as you would find it in a well kept house. We were first shown the small dining room, and wondered what must be the dimensions of the big one. I don't know how long we were marching around in that place, gaping at the finery, but it appeared to me even the King of this small territory did not suffer for the want of elbow room. Most of the rooms, walls and all, are solid, highly polished marble, and where not were of silk tapestry of the most taking patterns. The ball-room is a very gorgeous room, and the old Dutch guide, who was dressed as if a ball were soon to come off and he to be one of the Queen's partners, de-

clared it to be the finest in Europe. It is 120 feet long, 60 feet wide, 100 feet high, solid marble, and not a column anywhere to be seen. Of course dancers would not likely bump their heads against the rafters should they jump ever so high. After this we went to the church and the Exchange, when we were driven through a maze of streets and canals, to the depot, where, at 10:40 a. m., we took the train for Cologne. The day was clear and warm, and we had pecks of dirt flying in at our car windows. Directly after leaving we ran into the grain producing lands, the fertility of which apparently increased till we reached the Rhine, at Cologne.

There was abundant evidence of the spirit of war in the forts we passed on the border and the numerous soldiers seen everywhere. Among other places we passed through Zevenaar, Gelden, Kempen, Utrecht, Arnheim, Crefeld, Oppum and Neuss. Just after leaving Zevenaar we came to the station on the border where our baggage went through the mill again. It was hastily done. They caught my roommate on a box of cigars, partly full, and made him pay 12 cents duty only. In Germany, after crossing a branch of the Rhine, which we did in boats propelled along by wire ropes stretched across the stream, the scenery became absolutely enchanting and was sufficient to keep awake and interest our worn out and sleepy crowd. I saw no stock or fruit, but as far as the eye could reach the landscape was covered with luxuriant grain, relieved by the variation in colors and the magnificent roads which run through avenues of trees that had an inviting look to us. The lands must be very rich in the first part of Germany. In a few of the fields where the wheat had just been cut and bound, it looked as if the bundles nearly covered the ground. There was no waste territory, and not a poor spot to be seen.

We saw so many dams in Holland that I fear some of our party contracted bad habits in the use of language. The word "dam" seemed to work itself into everything about the place, and especially on the street cars. Nearly every one was reminded of a story. Very often people who do not swear like to repeat a story having a few cuss words in it. It is a species of forbidden fruit that tastes sweet to them. In this connection

Rotterdam was illustrated. A girl had eaten the little boy's candy up, and upon his paternal ancestor telling him it was no harm to repeat the name of the city mentioned, he remarked he hoped it would "Rotterdam teeth out." And in this way he flanked all responsibility for profanity. They have the most awful names; or a combination of names in Holland. The signs were a continual puzzle to us. It is probable that many of the names on the signs were composed of two or three words, but the latters of the same size and shape on each were strung together and appeared as one. Here is one of the easiest and shortest taken at Haarlem with forty urchins watching me as I spelled it off and wrote it down in my note book—Steenkolenveringing. I was afraid to tackle those having three vowels in succession, sometimes twice in the same word. I wonder the jaws of the Hollanders are not twisted out of all shape.

In Amsterdam the chimes of a church near our hotel gave us the section of a tune every quarter of an hour, and at the end of the hour turned out a long song—not loud and harsh but soft and agreeable to the ear. The garbage of that city is gathered up at 8 o'clock in the morning. The driver stops his big box of a wagon and goes along the street, whirling a watchman's rattle about the size of a small cupboard, and at the same time giving a pull to every bell he passes. After going some distance he returns to his wagon and empties, as he drives through the street he has just gone over, the vessels that have been hurriedly set out on the pavement. The cities of Rotterdam and Amsterdam are as cleanly as their people, and even with the hundreds of canals running though them I was surprised to detect no disagreeable odor. But in one place, at The Hague, in crossing a large canal, if my eyes had been shut, I would have thought I was down in the bowels of the ill-smelling ship which brought us over.

We arrived at Cologne at 4:40 P. M., and putting our hand baggage in vehicles for the hotel, walked to the cathedral and took it. We left the spire, which is the tallest in the world, not even excepting those in the deserts of Egypt. We had learned this in the British Museum, where there was one great wall upon which we grouped the designs of all the principal spires,

domes and monuments on the globe, the one on Trinity Church, New York, being rather an insignificant one in the group. After promenading about the aisles of the great church, seeing this altar and that, and getting lost every ten minutes, we were divided into squads and taken under proper guard down into the treasure rooms. And here began our joy over true relics, relics that are worth talking about. We were first marched around the shrine containing the remains of the three wise men. I wish I could describe it in a way to make you realize its magnificence. But that could not be done except through the instrumentality of your own sight. Let me say that it is about as large as a good sized chicken coop, solid gold, with the figures of the twelve Apostles in niches on either side, and angels, cherubs and seraphims at every nook and corner, while it is ornamented with 1440 precious stones of almost every known variety, from the pearl of the size of a pea to a topaz as large as a goose egg. At one end are placed the three skulls in recesses behind little windows, and these ghastly evidences of death stare at you with their heads encircled by wreaths of diamonds, and their jaws swathed in cloths literally covered with precious stones that sparkled in the gas light as we looked in wonder upon the display. The custodian told us this was the finest shrine in the world, and all the guide books say the same. So you see we have fallen early among the superlatives. I can not recount the riches here, but next in order to this shrine containing these ancient bones, was the one which held those of the architect of the building. Few artists find a home, at last, among such splendor. But that which touched us most were two links from the identical chain with which St. Peter was chained when in prison. We expect to find the other links and have the story complete after a while. In one corner of one of the transepts is the reclining monument of some great Pope or Cardinal, and the relic hunters knocked off the ear of one of the dogs the feet of the figure rested upon; then the big toe of the figure itself, and finally the nose, when the custodians, fearing it might get disfigured, had it encased in a strong cage of iron. The lost portions are replaced by plaster of Paris. I quote a description of the church:

"The Cathedral is a crucifixion structure, the nave being flanked with double, and the transept with single aisles. Total length 444 feet, breadth 201 feet, length of transepts 292 feet, height of walls 150 feet, height of roof 201 feet, height of central tower 375 feet. This enormous mass of masonry is enlivened by a profusion of flying buttresses, turrets, gargoyles, galleries, cornices, foliage, etc. The largest of the bells, cast in 1874, from the metal of French guns, weighs twenty-five tons. There are two others, cast in 1447 and 1448, and weigh respectively six and eleven tons."

There are three hundred workmen engaged upon the building renovating it and restoring the decayed portions. The new work is marvelously handsome.

From this cathedral some of us proceeded, on foot, to the church of St. Ursula while the larger number, who were worn out by the fatigues of the day, took carriages and were driven to the Grand Hotel Victoria. This church was erected in commemoration of St. Ursula, who is reported to have headed a little party of 11,000 virgins in a tour to Rome, all of whom were slain by the Huns while en route, whether going or returning there seems to be some conflict in the authorities. But there is no conflict about the bones of St. Ursula herself, (many of which are exhibited separately in the most costly trappings) being her own bones instead of those of some other lady who accompanied the expedition. In the church they have the skulls and bones of these unfortunate tourists, the former in a kind of honey-combed cases, covered with glass, all about over the walls, while the other bones are corded up in vaults on the floor, and can be seen through glass windows. It seems that recently some malicious individual has circulated the rumor that a few careless persons, not very well posted in anatomy, who were entrusted with the work of gathering up these bones, made a mistake and got a few sheep's bones. I don't believe it. I can't see how such an error could have been committed. It is wrong to credit the rumor.

In the treasure room the upper part of the four walls, reaching fifty feet or more high, are ornamented with these bones, worked into wreaths; figures and letters forming Latin inscrip-

tions. It was a bony diet as one of our party remarked. The skulls of the more "toney" fellows were encased in vessels of different kinds and duly labelled in Latin. The right hand of St. Ursula, her left foot, her right eye tooth and many other separate bones of the skeleton were, each in turn, exhibited and descanted upon. And so with others. Some of our people were silly enough to ask how it was possible to identify these bones after a lapse of a thousand years, but the custodian assured them there was no trouble about it. It seems to me some people will never cease asking foolish questions. Here, also, was one of the stone vessels used by Christ at the miracle of converting water into wine, and in a hermetically sealed glass vessel, to prevent decay or destruction by wood borers, surmounted by rare stones, were two of the thorns of the crown in a perfect state of preservation. We were all glad to see that so much pains had been taken to hand down to succeeding generations these valuable relics in good order. We have depurated Henry, a bright young fellow, resident of Honolulu, but just now from Oberlin College, and spending his vacation on this tour, to keep an inventory of the thorns on the way to see if none have been lost. His score now stands two.

From the church we went to the hotel, and after washing off some of the Holland and German dirt, sat down with all the party and began our dinner, which was concluded, in seven courses, at ten o'clock. I went through all for the first time, but about one o'clock frightened my roommates with one of the most terrible cases of nightmare on record. Some of the party, after dinner, went over the Rhine on the pontoon bridge, and knocked about among the nice gardens over there and heard the music served free to visitors. I can now understand why the phrase "over the Rhine" has grown so popular. The people of Cologne could find no more pleasant place to while away a summer evening. The very best of them go there, and the places are as orderly as a church during a sermon. After disappointing the boys who climbed up to the windows to see us dining, by closing the shutters, and having a nice night's rest in Cologne, where all the sweet smells are bottled for export and all the bad ones left in their own streets, we took passage

on an elegant steamer, at 9 o'clock A. M., and steamed away up the Rhine.

We had a lovely day in all respects, and saw the beautiful scenery which has a reputation the world over. It must be seen to be appreciated. Neither pen nor picture can convey an idea of its beauties. The entire journey from Cologne to Biebrich, where we disembarked to take carriages for this place, is one of unbroken interest. There is not a moment that you feel you can spare to go into the cabin for fear you will lose some entertaining part of the scene. The stream is much larger than I expected to find it, and its current, I would judge, as rapid as the lower Mississippi, if not more so. The hills on either side are in the very highest state of cultivation, and the old castles, residences, towns and little fields, looking like a patch-work quilt composed alone of green pieces of varied shades and the brown of ripening grain, constitute, doubtless, a picture unequalled in the world. I had left home with the determination to believe the scenery on the Hudson was superior, but having seen the Rhine, and passing through its loveliness as I write these lines, I couldn't keep my resolution. I lay aside my national prejudices and give it up to the Rhine. Ruins and old castles are continually in sight, and beautiful pictures succeed each other in such rapid succession that the interest never flags throughout the day, but exclamations of surprise and delight are continually heard on every hand. Just as the sun is dropping behind the high hills we come to Bingen, where in song, at least, lived the "Soldier of the Legion," who "lay dying in Algiers," and who sent the feeling messages to his brothers and comrades; his mother, his sister, and that other not a sister, but dearer than them all. I was sorry that they pronounce it *Bingèn*. But here the highlands ceased, the river spread out among some little islands, and we soon go down to dinner. At Bingen quite a number of tourists, mostly English, and some Americans, got off for the night. Later, we reached Biebrich, where we took carriages and had a lovely drive of three miles to Weisbaden, and went at once to bed.

Getting up early this morning, many of us went to the famous springs, drank some of the hot and nasty water, and saw the

famous gambling places, now closed. After breakfast we ran over to Frankfort-on-the-Main, where we drove about the city and spent four hours seeing the sights there, among them the old Jewish quarter, Rothschild's old house, his present banking house, the house from which Martin Luther preached, Gutenberg's monument, the picture and art galleries, and many other places. As our long line of carriages strung about through the city, I fancied the people looked at us as though we were a set of gumps. It was at this place we were shown through a gallery of statuary which seems to have been selected on account of its "loud" character. It was an early, unexpected and rather an amusing dose to the seventy-four.

We arrived at this place at 5 p. m., and after dinner went to see the "boss" castle of Europe, which overlooks this city of students and cheap pipes, and after gazing upon the ruins and groping about in the subterranean passages, one of which leads over three miles, some of us had a long drive, by moonlight, upon the hill-tops, and had a nice view of the city by gas-light. We rest here to-morrow, it being Sunday, and leave about noon Monday for Stuttgart. Having missed an entire day without seeing a castle or cathedral we will be hungry for them. It is getting so now that if we do not see one or the other of these every hour we are complaining about it.

I can not close the letter without returning to Weisbaden to say that it is a very attractive place, with wide, clean streets, and with such royal avenues of stately and wide spreading trees as to make it charming to promenaders. Its parks are extensive and handsome and are kept in perfect order, the lakes in them being covered with water fowls, even wild and untamed ones, and full of fish. The drive from Bierbrich was through an unbroken avenue of immense sycamores, reaching nearly across the broad street, and through which it seemed impossible for even one stray ray of the sun to penetrate.

LETTER IX.

Heidelberg again—The Carriage Ride up the Neckar—Germany nearly everywhere a Garden—The fighting Students—Too much Carving—Our first Washing—Arrival at Stuttgart, and the Great Picture Galleries there—Treatment of Relics by Tourists—Heavy financial transactions—A stop of two hours at Ulm—A cheap lunch and low priced Fruit—Arrival at Munich—The Abstinence members taking to wine on account of bad reputation of water—Mr. Potter, Consul at Stuttgart, gives a party and pays a compliment.

MUNICH, BAVARIA, July 23, 1879.

We fared sumptuously at the Hotel Schreider in Heidelberg, and bankrupted ourselves in the purchase of pipes and ivory ornaments. On Sunday morning many of the party went up to the castle again, some in carriages and some on foot, returning in time for services in the English church there. At one o'clock the cavalcade were placed in open carriages and had a ten miles ride into the country. Nearly every one had on his or her store clothes, and it was the first time on the Continent of Europe that we looked like a civilized people. For once I felt proud of my countrymen. Heretofore, when not on the move, it was either raining or threatening to do so; and the manner in which we have been dressed, and especially the ladies, made us look more like a body of restless and noisy mummies, swathed to the chin and hooded to the eyes, than a party of sight-seers from enlightened America. I have been glad that we have so often been taken for Englishmen.

Our drive was out the long street through the old gateway and up the south bank of the Neckar, over a road that was as

smooth as a floor. To the right of us was the railroad, running, for the most part, on a terrace supported by a wall composed of red sand-stone and dressed as nicely as if in a costly dwelling. Back of this lay the high range of hills, reaching to the proportions of small mountains, and where not covered with trees, cultivated in little patches set as closely together as the stones in a piece of Mosaic work. Below and to the left, lay the swift running Neckar, beyond which rose another imposing range of hills, with such varied changes, as we drove along, in their height and formation, that they could not grow monotonous. At their base wound a broad white pike, similar to the one on which we were driving. On either side of the road were rows of trees, all of the fruit or nut bearing species, many of them laden with their fruit and almost within reach as I sat in the high seat by the driver. Often there would be rows of hedges nicely pruned, and so thick where the trees grew up through them as to appear a part of the trees themselves. In some places, where the bank was at all abrupt between the road and the river, there ran a row of large sandstone posts about a foot square and six feet apart, dressed as if to ornament a gateway leading to some rich man's residence. The fruit and nut bearing trees were all tastefully pruned, and every foot of ground not used for foot-paths was covered with some kind of vegetation except weeds. Grass grew up to the very edges of the road, the stone wall holding the terrace upon which ran the railroad even being sodded on top and covered with grass. There was no rubbish anywhere. Every stick or limb or chip had been gathered, and the little pastures and tiny fields were as tidy as any lawn. Bare ground, except in the roads, upon perpendicular cliffs where vegetation can not grow, and in small patches where the soil has just been turned over for another crop, is never seen. So far, Germany has been one vast park where careful men have kept all things in pleasing order.

In our drive we passed through two little towns and ended the drive within the third. Queer looking places to raw Americans are these little towns. The streets are narrow and being made to conform to the sinuosities of the hills upon which they are built, appear, from a distance, like so many mud-daubers'

nests stuck against the cornices of a big, old house. Here we had a long walk—to see some castles of course. It was feared we could not pass an entire day without seeing a castle and retain our health. So we climbed up and up, gathered bouquets, stuffed our hats full of leaves, admired the long stretch of beautiful landscape that lay spread out before us, returned to the carriages with red cheeks and good appetites, and drove home to a bounteous 6 o'clock dinner.

It rained hard during the night, but the next morning was bright and cool, with a stiff breeze blowing through the streets. We were to leave Heidelberg at 10 A. M., but the departure was postponed to 1 P. M., and we spent the time shopping and paying about a price and a half more than the citizens, and still getting things at prices that seemed cheap to us.

Our people were all the time on the lookout for students with faces disfigured by scars obtained in their numerous duels with swords; and they not only saw an abundance of these, but every now and then one would come along having his face plastered and bandaged up to hide and cure the results of more recent chopping. My guess is that one-third of the students of Heidelberg carry away some kind of scar on leaving Heidelberg. I have no high admiration of the schools of this part of the country. I am aware that it is popular for students from our own land to come here, but very many of them go to the bad. The morals of those they fall in with are not of a high order, and there is no restraint upon their conduct. A false sentiment with reference to sword exercise between members of different societies overshadows everything else, and education is a secondary consideration. The popular student is one who has been successful in the greater number of combats. The duelists do not engage to satisfy wounded honor, but often are total strangers, being selected by their respective societies to represent them. I would never send a boy of mine, alone, to the institutions of Germany to obtain an education.

Our party were affected by this vitiated air, and felt like doing some carving on their own account. Perhaps it would have been more justifiable in our case. Our soiled linen had accumulated on us, and some were running their duds through

the second time. We were told Saturday evening washing would be done and returned to us at 7 o'clock Monday morning. Well, you ought to have seen that washing going out, some of the ladies having something less, and not many less, than one hundred pieces each. And you ought to have seen it coming back in big baskets full clear up to noon, and Tom, Dick and Harry charging round over the hotel excited, saying ugly words and jabbering to waiters, who, with consternation in their faces, understood nothing that was said except there were a lot of Americans terribly mad. The washing was not done in the hotel, but farmed out to washerwomen in various parts of the city, and every time one would come in with a batch of clothes, about forty of us would bear down upon her and capture her big basket and dive into it like so many pigs into a ~~swill~~ tub just in receipt of a fresh invoice of slops. Of course things got mixed, but suspicion has grown up that some of the more energetic ones laid in a good supply. This is the first real disadvantage we have experienced from our party being so large.

At 4 P. M. Monday the seventy-four dropped in upon the people of Stuttgart like a Summer shower, overflowing one hotel and partially inundating another. I say seventy-four—we lost one of our number at a station on the way where she slipped by the guard, and while out gazing around, the train sped away and left her. But she came in on the next train. As soon as we could shake ourselves we marched about in column over the place, saw the lovely gardens and parks, and the various monuments, and moped about through the great picture galleries in the Museum. Here we fell in with such men as Reubens, Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Leonardo de Vinci, Murrillo and Rafael. But for all that I don't think some of our folks were as enthused as they should have been. I saw two or three leaning against some of the larger gilt frames to rest themselves, while others would place their hands on the mountings and stand talking to other members of the party so like a street corner loafer leaning against a friendly column for support. I expect one of these days to see a big picture of Reubens—say something like the Transfiguration—taken bodily from the wall and made a bed of for some weary member of the party. Amer-

icans, as a general thing, are very careless, to put it mildly, as to their treatment of relics. They are not allowed to carry their canes or umbrellas into museums and art galleries to punch out the eyes and otherwise disfigure the articles on exhibition, but I have seen some of our very nicest people walk deliberately up to a rare painting and designate some particular spot by stuffing their dirty fingers against it. Many of the pictures are hundreds of years old, and held as almost sacred by the corporations and Governments to which they belong, and if one thoughtless person in every thousand who visit them should touch one picture, in any part, it would, in time, be utterly ruined. I do not wonder that a tremor disturbs the body of the custodian of relics when his precinct is invaded by a pack of Americans. Experience has taught that they are to be dreaded. Very many of the average ones have about as much conception of the value of a fine painting and the care that should be taken of it as a pig has of holidays. This is the plain unvarnished truth about it.

Coming up the Rhine we had the scare in the matter of finances experienced by Mark Twain and his friends the time one of his party treated to a breakfast. It being a long time between our breakfast and dinner we ordered a lunch for six of us, served under the awning of the steamer, and on eating it up, we found we had consumed sixteen sandwiches at forty pfennigs each, nine cups of coffee at thirty each, and one dish of strawberries at seventy, total 980 pfennigs. It was an awful bill but we had consumed the provender and had to pay for it. I thought it would have taught us a lesson to inquire another time the price of things before buying, but the very next day two of us joined in and went to the extravagance of a bottle of wine at a cost of 110 pfennigs. At Heidelberg the "little one" bought some carved ivory traps and when through was confronted with a colossal bill aggregating 6,690 pfennigs. You ought to have seen her face. Visions of the silk dress and the kid gloves she contemplated buying at Naples vanished like a dream. I can see her face at this moment with the shade of surprise and mortification passing over it. But she has recovered, and I think may still be able to make her purchases in

Naples if they give us time there. To sum it up the lunch cost, all told, about \$2 45; the bottle of wine 27 cents, and the ivory ornaments \$16 75. They designate all smaller values by marks, about twenty-four cents, and it takes one hundred pfennigs to make a mark.

Leaving Stuttgart at 9 o'clock the morning after arrival, we landed in Ulm in an hour or so, and leaving our luggage in the cars, which were detached from the main train to await our return, we proceeded to capture the quiet place, which was done without the loss of a man. We promenaded the city, and visited the cathedral, which is over five hundred feet in length, and in that respect has the advantage of the one in Cologne, but falling short in the matter of its tower. Some of us were green enough to climb the 352 steps leading to the highest parapet, and came twisting down the spiral staircase, feeling that we needed the services of a surgeon to put splints upon our legs, and hardly knowing the position of our bodies with reference to other terrestrial objects. This cathedral contained no bones or other relics and consequently had but little interest to us. After getting outside I lost myself in a search for views, and in passing an old fruit woman I gave her four cents worth of her cheap money, and by signs demanded their equivalent in cherries—nice ones. After fishing about behind her stand a moment she brought out a big paper sack and filled the thing so full I had to carry it in my arms like a boy would an arm full of chips. Presently I fell in with a party at the Roaring Lion Tavern. I presume that was the name, as a very wide-mouthed, gilt lion stood on a projection over the door—and they were as busy as bees devouring an eight cent lunch. Every one warns us against drinking water in this country, and I have been taking the warning. So I ordered a glass of wine, holding up my glass and yelling out "vine." Of course we all have to talk to these foreigners in a tone totally unknown, and in a pitch of voice that would shock a deaf person. The fellow looked at me with an air of astonishment, and then fetched a small bottle-full, which I dispatched on the spot, and handed over another eight cents to liquidate the bill. I mention these things to show how cheap some things are over here.

We landed at this city at half-past seven, and were again quartered at two hotels. We spent the day busily seeing the museums and picture galleries, which are probably as fine as we shall see on our tour. This is a nice city, and full of splendid looking soldiers in bright new uniforms. The stores are quite gaudy, and prices apparently low. Good water is said to be out of the question, and some of our temperance people are talking about taking to wine. They do not think they should risk their lives in adherence to a principle. Of course not. I saw one sip down a glass-full yesterday, and after smacking her lips rather approvingly, she declared she could see nothing intoxicating in that. To be sure.

At Stuttgart some twenty-five of the party were invited to call and see Mr. Potter, the resident Consul there, and who is from Boston. We found him a jovial fellow and he fed and wined us on the best of the land. There were toasts and speeches, and the eagle did an awful amount of flapping. Mr. Potter said that Americans rarely called upon him except to get his aid in rescuing them from trouble, and that we were the only party who brought him all sunshine and no trouble. Take that as an offset to our faults.

We will spend another day in Munich, wear ourselves out in trotting around, visit the International Exhibition of Paintings now in progress, and then strike out through Austria for Italy. Since last Saturday the weather has been very cool and our thickest garments are comfortable. To-day has been cloudy, with occasional light showers.

LETTER X.

Magnificent Munich—The great Museum and Picture Galleries—The King's Chapel—Ancient feasts—Cheap Beer and Wine—A Railroad ride across the Alps—Impressing scenery—Crazy Tourists—Arrival at the old City of Verona—Astonished Citizens—Interesting localities—Tears over Juliet's tomb--Beggars of Verona—Arrival at Venice and a Gondola ride to the Hotel —The shinplasters of Italy.

VENICE, ITALY, July 26, 1879.

Until 3 o'clock of our second day in Munich we spent the time in a body, going first to the National Museum and galloping through it. It would justify a stay of a day or more among its rich and entertaining relics if one could spare that much time. Its rare and handsome tapestry, its ornaments of ivory, and its long list of furniture, inlaid with pearl, ivory and precious stones, alone make one feel like loitering and losing other sights in the city, but our conductor hurries us along, so we may not miss any places in the programme. The next visit was to the picture gallery containing the modern paintings, which pleased my eyes. After this we were placed in carriages and driven through the city, around the principal monuments and public buildings, and out into the vast park in the suburb. We entered the town hall (rathhaus) and saw the big picture there painted by Piloty in five years and finished two months ago, being an alegorical history of Bavaria, and representing art-

ists, bishops, sculptors, composers and those belonging to other different arts and sciences. It is sixty feet in length and eighteen feet high, and contains 230 figures, most of them life size and full length, and each one a study within itself. They do such things up royally in this country.

The next place we got out of our carriages to enter was the King's chapel. I regret my inability to put in language a description of this place so as to convey to you a proper idea of its magnificence. It is all bright and new, and every part of the vast structure visible is of the most handsome colored and variegated marble, and polished till it reflects surrounding objects. The columns charm the eye, and as you look, you wonder and wonder again why this splendor in a house of worship? The King's seat is in an alcove of the gallery and could not be seen from the ground floor, and we were not permitted to go up there. I presume we would have gone any how if the door had not been locked and barred, for when some of our people started up the steps leading to the platform in front of the altar, and a big fat woman threw up her hands in holy horror, and tried to bar the way, we paid about as much attention to her as though she had been a shadow. When our brigade bear down upon a remonstrating custodian we crush him on the spot.

There were many other places we visited, but I can not stop to name them. At one of the courts of the King's old palace there were three spikes driven high up in the wall at different distances from the ground, with an inscription that three certain celebrities had jumped as high as the points designated by the spikes; and near by lay a stone weighing 350 pounds which had been thrown by one of these men half way across the large court-yard. It was fastened to the pavement by heavy iron bolts and bars. Our conductor got upon the stone and said it had been heaved at a man for asking too many questions, and that it had been named "Questioners, Beware."

From here we drove to the hotels and took dinner, after which each acted upon his own hook, the greater number spending the time rubbing their noses against shop windows. We all like Munich ever so much. It is a place worth any one's while to see ; and to devotees of art it offers unusual attractions

Temperance people can't live here, of course, if what we hear is true, for water is at a discount and is only taken inwardly in its natural state by the reckless. But substitutes being very cheap the unscrupulous can get along pretty well. Beer costs a fraction over two and a half cents for about a quart, and the cheaper wines can be bought for ten to fifteen cents per bottle. With such prices as these, Maine principles have a hard time of it. I don't know where they get decent water to make their excellent beer, for the Iser goes dashing by the city like a mill race and about the color of dirty milk; and the "blue Danube," which we crossed at Ulm, was about the color of the lower Mississippi. At what season of the year it becomes "blue" I have not been able to ascertain.

The above was written at Munich. We left there at 9 o'clock day before yesterday morning by rail, and in less than an hour the cry of "the Alps, the Alps," was heard from the car windows. We were traveling up the river Inn, the mountains appearing first on our right. It was not long, however, till they also appeared upon our left, and very soon we were passing up the beautiful valley with the peaks on either side frowning down upon us. Not long afterwards snow began to appear in patches, till in some places, nearer the summit, the higher peaks would be nearly covered. The valley was in the highest state of cultivation, and sometimes houses would be perched so far up the mountain sides that they looked like the abodes of a pigmy people. Castles were without number, and crucifixes stood here and there till they early ceased to be even a subject of comment. Churches—nearly all tower with little dabs of buildings stuck to them—were continually in view, very many of them located in odd-looking places, and often on such high and craggy eminences that the wonder is how worshippers approach them. The little grape patches on the mountain sides were made and held in place by great stone walls, and the thousands and thousands of these terraces gave evidence of the scarcity of tillable soil in this country and the labor required to keep it in order.

After creeping about half way to the summit of the pass, we took up the river Sill and followed that to the divide, then

taking down the Eisack and Adige till we fell into the plain, after dark, in Italy. The road-bed upon which our train ran is a rare and massive work, and it is hard even to guess what great labor and money were spent in its construction. Nearly all the little streams and rivulets which cross it are paved and walled like gutters as far as the eye can reach, while in many places acres of the mountain sides, above the road, are paved like a great city wharf to prevent slides. Then come bridges, ditches, drains and culverts of massive proportions, while the road itself—double track in greater part—runs upon a ponderous stone wall. The ascent was slow and labored, giving ample time for a good view of the scenery upon either hand. The descent was more rapid, but not frightfully so, though the iron rubbers attached to the brakes grew hot and smoked till it appeared as though every car was on fire underneath. Many of us became frightened and jumped about and sputtered at the guards to indicate the danger, but we might as well have endeavored to discuss the subject with the man in the moon. They were so calm and unmoved amid the smoke and stench of burning grease that we were, in time, assured of our safety.

At the Austrian frontier our baggage was overhauled, and again when we entered Italy, where cigars suffered; and some of our party got fighting mad and jabbered at the officers in an amusing way. One young gent who had fired his pistol off going through the tunnel, was reported ahead by telegraph, and on the arrival of the train at the Italian station that implement of destruction was taken away from him. I am sorry to say many of our party are carrying around young blunderbusses with them in these foreign lands. The revenue officials seem only to be after cigars and tobacco, and I guess they chew and smoke all they confiscate.

This journey occupied the entire day, and when the moon—which looks for all the world like the one we left at home—appeared over the mountain tops to the west of us, we were still speeding down the steep decline. It was a beautiful day, and for the entire distance the scenery was most magnificent. Our people were wild with excitement, which found no abatement till night shut out the scene. We were continually bouncing

up and running from one window to the other and thrusting out our heads to get a better view. "Look here!" "Oh, come here!" "Just see this!" "Oh, see, see!" were the exclamations continually heard; and we acted so like a set of wild people I suspect the thousands of citizens we passed on the way imagined our train was conveying the inmates of a lunatic asylum from one country to another. Well, it was enough to run one crazy to be in three Empires in one day and see such grandeur in nature. In a lake lying below us, almost at the summit of the pass, we saw trout striking at insects, and as we passed we could plainly see the beauties sporting in the water. We went through some thirty tunnels but none of them of any great length.

We reached Verona just before midnight, after the longest unbroken ride we have had since leaving London, and as our long line of omnibusses went thundering through the narrow streets, the clocks were ringing out the hour of twelve. We were driven into an open court around which was the hotel, with just one row of rooms in each story, opening upon galleries running around the inside. The rooms upon the ground floor opened upon the paved court, where stood the omnibusses. The house had the appearance of having escaped the flood, and the lower rooms smelled like a charnel house. They were frescoed in the most gaudy colors, and the beds were white and clean, but the bright sunshine had not been in those rooms within the last hundred years. The rooms higher up were dry and airy.

The next morning we entered the church near by, and then marched through the town for an hour or so in column, and created a consternation we had not witnessed before. As we would pass the stores and shops the inmates would gaze at the first few with an air of curiosity a moment, then a look of wonderment crept over their faces, succeeded by a rush to the doors with whatever their hands held at the time. The smith's lifted hammer stopped poised in the air, the shoemaker got no farther than to run his awl into the leather, while those walking along the street halted and gazed at the cavalcade, and those near by, in intersecting streets, hurried up to see the show. People at doors would dash into the house to tell the other in-

mates, and windows were filled with staring eyes. They would look at the head and then at the rear of the straggling column, and end by throwing up their hands in utter astonishment. Of course they talked to one another. I never heard the like of it. But about all we could catch was the word "Americano." At one court yard they collected and rather crowded us, having a look in their faces as though wondering what in the name of heavens all these folks meant by being so far away from home staring at these old buildings.

The morning was excessively warm, and sunny Italy was with us in dead earnest. The streets were mostly narrow and had a combination of smells which gave an unpleasant twist to our noses, which I am apprehensive may become permanent. Getting into carriages, finally, we had a long drive and saw all the churches, the tomb of Juliet, the house of the Capulets, but no trace of the love-sick Romeo—Poor fellow! How sad it is he depends upon the immortal Shakspeare for the perpetuation of his own memory. We went through quite a pantomime of grief over the coffin of Juliet, and I imagine the few citizens who witnessed it took us to be a very silly, tender hearted set.

We saw the great amphitheater, second only to the one at Rome, in a better state of preservation and capable of seating 35,000 spectators or furnishing standing room for 70,000. Its interior is nearly perfect and the dens where the prisoners and wild beasts were kept have not been destroyed. And the entrances for these into the arena are all there as they were in the days when the inhuman butcheries were witnessed by thousands of miserable, garlic-eating, dirty, applauding, heartless spectators. Some of our folks thought the citizens stared at us. I am waiting till we reach the place where the residents can stare harder and longer than we can. Why, at one of the churches that we entered there was quite a congregation inside, and services were being conducted; yet we paraded about the aisles, talked, pointed at this thing and that, and one half of us actually strolled up and filed along near the altar and between the officiating priest and the worshipping congregation. Suppose a pack of foreigners were to do that in our country.

It was here we met our first annoyance in the shape of beggars. At Amsterdam one rather bright little fellow stuck out his hat, but upon our looking at him rather curiously he seemed to become ashamed of himself, and put it back upon his head. At Heidelberg, when we drove out and walked up to a far off castle, we passed three beggars, neatly dressed Germans, who sought alms. Some of us took off our hats and bowed to them as though they were Princes, but if we attempt to keep that up our necks are gone, and no mistake. These were the only beggars we had seen until we fell on Verona; and these were mostly boys and girls who laid in wait for us at every turn and corner, following us into churches and other places, and making miserable nuisances of themselves. My guess, on the threshold of Italy, is that about the first thing many of her children learn is the art of begging.

We left Verona at 11 A. M., and had a hot and dusty ride of five hours. At Padua we met the fifth, or Irish, section on their way from Venice to Florence. And such a hand-shaking and jabbering I never saw. This section is composed of those who came over a week earlier than we did. But the noise and confusion did not last long, as each train soon moved on. At four o'clock P. M. our train landed us on one of the canals of Venice, and we were taken to our hotels in gondolas. I think I shall never abuse American hackmen again for their persistency in seeking passengers after seeing these legions of villainous looking gondoliers trying to snatch people bald-headed into their black crafts. As to gondoliers—but let me reserve them and Venice for another letter. I have just been looking at the miserable, dirty shinplasters we have had thrust at us as a circulating medium, and I am mad. I'll go out and look at the moon shining over the Adriatic and the Grand Canal and I may feel better.

LETTER XI.

Venice—The Gondolier—No Horses or Vehicles in this City of the Sea—Visit to the Palace of the Doges, and other interesting places—Cheap living—The Water supply—Ice a beverage—Comparison between American and English Growlers.

VENICE, ITALY, July 28, 1879.

I do not know how to write you a letter about Venice. It is such an odd place and has been the subject of so many correspondents that I could hardly expect to produce something new. I had read a great deal about it myself, at home, and upon arrival was carried away as much as I have been with other places on the journey, but I find what is the experience of most of our party, that the more we see of it and drift lazily in our gondolas over its canals and through its narrow and awfully crooked streets, the interest in the place grows upon me, and I feel that I shall regret it when the hour for our departure comes. It is certainly a place where locomotion is not tiresome and where no great amount of dust can be raised by charging through the streets.

There is not a horse in the city of Venice, and I have not seen a single vehicle on wheels, though there is much of the city which may be traversed on dry land. What streets there are are very narrow and seem to have been constructed with a

special view to run any single one towards every point of the compass and take in also every degree of the circle. I can account for the many and sharp turns in the canals that had to conform to the little islands upon which the city was built, but I can not comprehend why the streets were built so unless it was upon the principle that the builders thought they could obtain more street front by that species of engineering. Nearly all species of transportation are done by gondolas and other water craft. The gondolier is a fraud and a humbug, except in so far as he is able to manage his long, narrow, black craft with consummate skill. Mark Twain tells in graphic language how these fellows whip around corners and dodge each other in the most miraculous manner, but no one will ever be able to realize the truth about it till they come here and see it done, and perhaps even then, those unaccustomed to managing water-craft will fail to appreciate the difficulties to be encountered. Yesterday, when in the Grand Canal following up a floating band of music that was out in a shower of flags and gaudy trappings to serenade the town, some of our adventurous gentlemen tried their hand at the oar, and always ended by giving the inmates of the boat a splashing, and coming near turning a summersault into the water. This morning my finances having reached a low ebb and all the members of the party having hesitated about adding to my obligations, I had to interview a banker of Venice named in my letter of credit. I couldn't go overland and hired one of the six or ten thousand pirates to transport me there in his floating coffin. We took short cuts and found a large number of very crooked and narrow streets. Gondolas were as thick as beggars in Verona—some tied close to the walls by means of rings therein, others going our way, some faster and some slower, and many meeting us, but never a single collision. All at once a dark prow would shoot around the corner looking for all the world as though it was going to give us a jolt amidships, but a "hi" from our gondolier and a "ho" from the other, either suddenly checked the speed and changed the course so unexpectedly and so happily as to allow the vessels to glide by each other in the most marvelous and harmless way. I can't admire the gondolier with his dark visage, his unkempt

hair and his unshaven face, his dirty shirt that fills with wind and looks like an inflated bladder around his body; I can't admire him for his disposition to be boisterous, and to hold noisy converse with every chap within hearing; nor can I feel kindly towards him when, after paying him the fee allowed by law, he puts his hand to his mouth and goes through a dumb show of drinking to indicate that he would be pleased if you would further contribute to his happiness by throwing in a few *centesimi* with which to buy Winslow's soothing syrup, but I do admire the rascal for the dexterity he displays in the management of his boat, and the power he can put to his single oar without starting one drop of sweat at noon day in this warm Italian clime. I have purchased just five of these boats and an armful of pictures of them, and if the revenue man at New York don't confiscate the lot I will be able to show my friends just how they look. They are not very rapid when propelled by one man, and if I was in a big hurry to catch the train, I would prefer a hack. Their length is about thirty-five feet, with five, or five and a half feet width, and any quantity of rake.

Half of yesterday and all of to-day have been devoted to sight-seeing and a long gondola ride in battalion. Yesterday afternoon six of us switched off from the main party and did the Palace of the Doges on our own hook. If we had seen no other evidence of the former grandeur of Venice, this Palace would have convinced us of it without the aid of history. Royal old butchers must have been those Doges whose villainous visages adorn the wall of this building, and who, in some cases, have been painted by the great masters in company with the Deity, and playing no second part at that. Covering one end of a large room is a painting, by Tintoretto, I believe—no by some other fellow—representing Christ, the Holy Virgin, two Saints in the back ground, and two of these old cut-throat Doges. There are no other figures in the picture, and those of the Doges stand out prominently as though all the others were adjuncts in the scene. I presume the painter executed the work as a matter of compulsion, and that if he had not done so his head would have been chopped off in a twinkling. I hope he did, and that he had a wife and children depending on him for their

food from day to day. He could be excused for this prostitution of his talents on no other grounds, and barely upon these.

We passed through all the various rooms, including those of the Council of Three Hundred, the Council of Ten, and the Council of Three, who, with a cool villainy almost without a parallel, sent so many a poor devil in haste to his final account. We saw the hole through which were slipped the anonymous complaints that sealed the doom of the unsuspecting; we passed over the Bridge of Sighs leading from the Palace to the dungeons across the canal, and were shown the passages to the right and to the left for the two grades of prisoners, and the little door in the wall just at the water line, out of which came the bodies of those who died within. We went down into the dungeons, and with torches in our hands, groped about from room to room of this most gloomy place, and while doing so it was not hard to people, in imagination, the dark and noisome cells with wan and haggard prisoners, without light and hope, daily receiving their scant supply of rough food and worse water through the small holes cut in the stone walls, and courting death in preference to such a life as theirs. The guide also pointed out the head block where the heads of the condemned were hacked off; and near by, the hole in the stone floor through which the blood might flow into the sea below. It is useless to state that these sights lascerated our feelings, and there is no question but that it was well for those old scoundrels that they were dead and buried some time ago. We even felt like hunting up their graves and rattling up their bones, and I suspect we would have done it had we not feared falling into the same error that was committed in the case of the bones of the 11,000 virgins deposited in the Cathedral at Cologne—that of mixing in a few bones belonging to some other animals not in the big excursion. None of us were up in our anatomy, and the mistake might easily have occurred. We didn't want to put ourselves into a perspiration over the bones of some dead and forgotten sheep. But, all jokes aside, if any one can go down into the dungeons under the Palace of the Doges and see the evidences of cruelty which can not be mistaken, even without the aid of the garulous guide, without being moved, my opinion is that he had

better remain at home and go to bed and stay there. One of our ladies, who went down later with the others, was overcome by the contemplation of the situation, and had to be taken above and out into the light of day. Our little squad got disgusted, gave up sight-seeing for the day, and went to the hotel and looked daggers even at these modern Italians as though they could be held responsible for the conduct of their ancestors.

If I had not already worn you out with letters I would devote a very long one to Venice, and if I had not written to you at all I think I would make it the subject of two or three and let other places go by, but as it is and has been I will tell you that we have taken in nearly all that is novel to be seen; have gone through the churches, picture galleries, the arsenal, the establishment where the mosaic and glass work are manufactured, the markets and principal streets; have loitered about the square of St. Mark, seen the pigeons fed, and fed them ourselves, and sipped our harmless drinks, and minced our ice cream in front of some of the numerous cafes there; have seen the giants hammer out the hour on the great clock there, and gone up into the tall campanile and gazed over this city of the sea; have crowded in front and darkened every one of the beautifully arranged shop windows around this square, and have bought and been cheated inside; have jostled the priests in their own churches, taken their vacated seat in the confessional and been ejected by them; have bumped up against soldiers in the streets, run over priests and been run over by them, and have stared at the citizens and talked about them in a tongue it is perhaps well they do not understand; and some of us have gotten homesick and stood upon the bridges in the soft moonlight and gazed across the Grand Canal out toward the Adriatic, while the gondoliers were passing to and fro through the shimmer and the sheen of the sparkling waves, their outlines standing clear out against a horizon flecked with downy clouds, and some of us have nearly "bohoed" because we could not, at once, transport ourselves and this pleasant scene to our own homes across the continent and the deep blue sea.

Our hotels are rather comfortable—one of them being quite fine—and well aired. Upon the theory that higher rooms are

the better ones in Italy, the ladies are well up towards the roof, and have been complaining that they have to climb over one hundred steps when they come down, and remember they have forgotten something they left behind. We all complain at something. If we are not too high we are too low, and the happy medium is rarely ever found. I think it one of the wonders our conductors have not gone stark mad, although we are having a nice time of it, traveling first class and nearly always stopping at the best hotels in the places visited. If Italy furnishes bad water, the conductors catch it; if one hotel in a place won't hold us all, some of us think we have been selected to occupy the second rate one, and we give it to them; if it rains, they are remiss in their duty; if it is too warm, they are to blame; if the customs of the country keep us waiting at the dinner table till every tardy member sits down before the soup is started around, and is then allowed to proceed no faster than the toothless ones, but required to sit there between courses while the pangs of hunger are gnawing our very vitals, we feel like converting them into food and dispatching them on the spot. And thus, through all the long list, we manage to rake up and growl about something. Still, the patient conductors do not fall out with us, but say that we are models as compared to the same number of Englishmen; even further, that they would hear ten growls from them where they hear one from us. Then I do feel sorry for those who have the management of English parties.

It is thought that the average citizen of Venice can live at a cost of from two to five cents per day. Their chief luxuries are gondolas, moonshine and bilge water. I don't think an ambitious person would want to stay a thousand years in the place, and, especially if, at the close of his earthly career, he expected to have his bones deposited anywhere in the neighborhood of those of the bloodthirsty Doges who have gone before him. The gondoliers are allowed twenty cents for one to four persons for the first hour, and ten cents for each succeeding hour for the entrie party. His horse don't eat, or die on his hands, and as his vehicle probably lasts for years, I guess if one of them gets "a load" once or twice a week he is happy. A

very active and intelligent salesman in a large umbrella store, who had been to America and spoke English quite well, told me he got \$14 per month for his services, and that was much above the average wages.

Cistern water is used, and when the supply is exhausted—as it is most of the time—it is brought into the city from some point outside, in the hulls of boats, and turned into large public cisterns, from whence it is taken for consumption, in copper buckets, one swung on either end of a pole, and carried on the shoulder by men and women. There is no pump or other convenience for drawing the water from the cisterns, but every one carries his or her own rope and plunges their bucket down into the water. I did not learn if there is any law requiring them to keep their buckets clean, but if there is such a law and my eyes did not deceive me, I fancy it is not being very rigidly enforced. I made an effort one morning before breakfast to go up an alley out of which scores of water carriers were coming into St. Mark's square, to see where they got their supply, but a policeman or officer of some kind barred the way and refused to let me go in there.

Ice throughout Italy is a luxury not given you except as an extra, to be paid for the same as your washing, yet the way in which these Americans pile it into their glasses makes the waiters stare. I see the citizens sipping it in front of the cafes as a Dutchman does his lager beer. I have not been able to learn where it is procured. I find much difficulty in picking up little bits of information I would like to have on account of not being up in the Italian language.

To-morrow, at one o'clock, we will leave for Florence, and there have a big dose of churches and picture galleries. I think I will worry the shop keepers. They have cheated me so far and I want to get even with them.

LETTER XII.

A good-bye to Venice—A member of the party captured by a Countess—The Journey to Florence—Sights in that City—Beautiful Mosaics—A queer Hotel—Michael Angelo's house and relics—Scarcity of water—Railroad dining rooms—America ahead—Arrival at Rome—Superb Hotel Costanzi—Talk about victualing.

ROME, ITALY, July 31, 1879.

I must return to Venice to say good-bye to that delightful place. It is only since we left there that I learned fully how happy our party were while there and the amount of real enjoyment they experienced, especially in the moonlight rides up and down the Grand Canal. A fair was in progress at the only garden facing this canal, which had a rare look of enchantment about it. The booths are tastefully arranged and the place was ablaze with lights, bright-colored flags and brighter-eyed Italian women. Many of our young men spent their evenings in the place and courted and flirted with the vendors of wares. We fear some of them left their hearts in Venice. We were told the citizens in charge of the fair all belonged to the nobility, and every lady who sold you trinkets for four times their value, as they often do at home, was a Countess or a Princess. Two of our best looking boys, the very next day after our arrival, visited the Palace of a couple of these fair ones and are punishing us with details of their experience. One of them has gone

clean daft, and when he draws out a cabinet sized picture of Countess So-and-So, and looks at it and smiles his sickly smile upon it, we all feel sorry for him and hope he may soon recover. We try to destroy the effect of his romantic visions by declaring we saw the girl's mother selling garlic at the corner of the Doge's Palace in St. Mark Square, while she, herself, was going about, barefooted and bareheaded, carrying water for the day's consumption at home. Oh, moon-light and love in Venice!

The gondolas having taken the seventy-four and our pile of baggage to the depot, we left Venice at 1 P. M. Tuesday, for Florence, at which place we arrived at 11 o'clock, in time to wind up a dinner as the bells were striking the hour of midnight. So you see we dine at fashionable hours, now and then, on the continent. The day was warm, the road dusty, and if the monotony had not been relieved by the towns and cities on the way, and a run through the cool air, and grand scenery of the Appenines to close the day, the ride would have been a hard one. They put us in a large hotel, named after the father of our own country, on the broad street facing the Arno, and we were stowed away and rooms to spare. I never saw so many crooked and intricate passages in a house in my life. At first it seemed as though I would want a pilot and two guides to conduct me to and from my room, but I made a plan of my route, with all the crooks and turns and distances from point to point, and by studying it carefully, was able to make the trip after the tenth attempt. No one but a porter who had served an apprenticeship of a life time would be able to find all the rooms before getting lost himself. The dining room is on the second floor, and the bed rooms are numbered from the one above to the top. I was put on the second floor, or, in other words, in the fourth story.

Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour at which we dined, we could not resist the temptation to stroll out in front of our hotel, seat ourselves on the stone wall separating the street from the river, smoke our cigars, gossip and gaze at the moonlight sparkling and dancing on the quiet surface of the Arno. The ladies came to their windows to enjoy the scene, and as they stood there chatting to us many a poetical fellow was reminded

of the balcony scene in Romeo and Juliet, and had to give us a dramatic touch of it. The day after our arrival in Florence we spent in driving round to see the sights, winding up at three o'clock with the famous Ufizzi and Pitti galleries, and having seen the great Cathederal whose dome is higher than that of St. Paul's or St. Peter's, and gone through the residence of Michael Angelo where we were shown a large number of things connected with that gentleman of whom we have heard so much since our arrival in Europe, including many of his original plans and specifications of the buildings claimed to have been designed by him. He seems to have been a departure from the common saying "Jack of all trades and good at none," for we can barely escape the belief that he was good in painting, sculpture and architecture.

But after all, the big things to see in Florence and the acres of paintings in the galleries, and the fields of costly tapestry that have dilated the eyes of so many pilgrims, I think that which most captivated the ladies were the lovely displays of Florentine mosaics in the shop windows. How much of this jewelry our party carried away I am not able to guess. I think this is the only thing that made them forget the snubbing they got at Venice, where, after having been shown the house in which Byron lived on the Grand Canal, we were taken to a Monastery on one of the outlying islands where he studied the Armenian language, and the ladies refused admission while the gentlemen were allowed to enter and see his room and all the relics connected with the talented poet. The day may come when a better reason for this discrimination against the fair sex may be developed, but my belief now is that if some of our ladies could have got hold of the meek looking monk who bowed them to the left, they would have made him think there were six earthquakes in full progress in the immediate vicinity.

We left Florence and her elegantly paved streets at half past eight o'clock in the morning, and were whirled through an uninviting country till near five o'clock that afternoon. The railroad runs for a long distance along the river Tiber after leaving the Arno, but the valleys are quite poor, and the parched and clayey hill-sides give but little sign of vegetation. The entire

ride to Rome is without interest, and in our case was burdensome, for we suffered from dust and heat to an extent not experienced heretofore. We were in such dire distress from these that even the idea we were nearing the Eternal City could not inspire us with enthusiasm; and when, at last, the locomotive blew a long blast with its peculiar sharp whistle, and we looked out of the windows and saw the church spires, and finally the great wall surrounding the place, we heard no shout go up from the parched and jaded pilgrims in our van. But when we were driven into the court-yard of the superb Hotel Costanzi—second to only one or to others in all Europe—and were conducted to the pleasant rooms already assigned to us, there was a grateful sigh of relief it would not, probably, have been well for the landlord to see as he may have felt authorized to remit some item from his ordinary bill of fare. We partook of a good and early dinner at 6 o'clock, after which we assembled in the parlor and were met by Mr. Russell Forbes, a historian of Rome, who is to take charge of and conduct us while here. He gave us a very pleasant talk of half an hour in regard to what we would see and how we must act during our stay, and read the programme for to-morrow, which seems to be an extensive one. We are quartered now for four days, and the indications are that we will be given a good opportunity to see, hurriedly though it may be, the principal novel and attractive features of Rome. Some few went out for an evening drive, but the greater number sought rest and slumber at an early hour.

There is one thing always scarce and hard to find in traveling by rail on the Continent, and that is water. The railroads make no provision for it whatever, either on the cars or at the stations, and we Americans, who almost always seem to be thirsty, have hard work in getting water. This may arise from inability to make ourselves understood, but it seems to me this is one of the chief defects of the railroad system in this country. Now and then, at the stations, some enterprising chap will be on hand with a waiter and a few glasses of water containing homœopathic doses of ice, and these he disposes of in a twinkling at a compensation of two or four cents per glass. In this

respect we are far ahead of the Europeans. We excel them also in the matter of our railroad dining rooms and lunch counters. Neither in Great Britain, Germany or Italy do they have much in the way of refreshments at stations, and I have yet to see the place where one is given time to eat a square meal, even if he were fortunate enough to have it placed before him. Mark Twain says (and I quote him so often because I think his *Innocents Abroad* the finest book of humor, and travel, too, for that matter, in the English language) that in France they have oceans of time in which to dine at railroad eatinghouses; and he has two pictures showing the superiority of the French, in that respect, over Americans. I presume, of course, he meant his comparison to extend no farther than France, and not yet having been there can't take issue with him. But so far as the countries which I have already gone through are concerned, our own country beats them all hollow. Why, I have gone into their dining-rooms marked first-class, and danced, and gestured, and sputtered about, and got into a sweat and at last come out without getting a bite to eat. When you enter, your vision falls upon a table covered with empty dishes and a side table with a few joints—they persist in calling all cold meats "joints"—and a few round rolls that are so tough that by the time you could get a bite out of one, masticate and swallow it, their confounded old dinner bell would summon you to take your seat in the cars.

And while on this subject I might as well add that the hotels of Europe can not, in the matter of their table, at all compare to ours. They give you a deuce of a big dose of plates, and waiters with broad-cloth and swallow-tail coats, who are eternally sticking the high-priced wine list under your nose, but after an hour's eating, and getting hungry between courses, you get up longing for one good, honest, satisfactory dinner such as you could get in any first-class hotel in the United States. They have no water-coolers or other vessels where water is kept to quench the thirst of their guests, except in bottles on the wash-stands in the bed-rooms, and you have no reason to think that has not been there for weeks. If you ring and order fresh water and some ice to make the stuff tolerable,

it comes after you have given it up in despair and made your will; and when you settle, it is in big figures in the bill. In Venice they favored us with ice in our water at dinner, and when we were getting ready to put foot in the gondolas for our departure they presented a miserable account of 75 centimes each for the privilege of cooling our stomachs. They have so little to do with ice they rarely learn the English pronunciation of it; and when at Venice we ordered a bowl-full and some sugar to compound a lemonade, the dunderhead of a waiter brought up two big sheets of blotting paper. Here in this fine hotel which I have already told you is second to only one or two in all Erope, they fry many of their articles in tallow instead of lard, and yesterday in endeavoring to make a feast off some cakes and crackers we had purchased in Florence, we found them so impregnated with tallow that we laid most of them aside for the next beggar we should see. In Great Britain, Holland and Germany we had good meats, but never a great variety, and everywhere the coffee has been tip-top. Butter is never seen at dinner, coffee and tea are extra, and, if ordered, are charged to your room, while vegetables are poor in variety and worse in quality. The bed-rooms are nearly always comfortable and the beds clean.

In Germany they tried to prop us up in bed with an immense wedge-shaped bolster and a colossal pillow, and to cover us with a juvenile feather bed, that if laid in the centre would leave both ends sticking out, but we generally piled all these on the floor, which gave the room the appearance of initiatory steps towards a family moving. I presume that on account of the great size of our party, we meet difficulties, and especially at railroad stations, not experienced by the single traveler, but I think I may safely say that one can travel much more comfortably and luxuriously on the main thoroughfares of the United States than he can in Europe, taking the part I have seen as a sample of the whole. Possibly, if I were alone, or with only three or four others, and understood and could speak the language of the countries through which I passed, I might give a different verdict. Still I hardly think I would. But hotel fare is much cheaper in Europe than it is in America, their system

of serving guests being much more economical. But to-morrow morning the carriages will drive into the court to take us on a tour through the city, and I must bid you good-bye for the present. I fear I shall not be able to say much about Rome. The theme is too big a one, even if it had not already been exhausted.



LETTER XIII.

Rome—The Author doored—Former impressions all astray—Inability to "do up" the Great City in one or two letters—A diary of one day's doings—The Noble Roman and the Old Masters—The tomb of the wife of Crœsus—A visit to the Catacombs, St. Peters, the Vatican and other notable places—Carrying off the Corpses of Caesar's household.

ROME, ITALY, August 3, 1879.

The last letter I wrote you brought our trip up to this place, and I think it would be just as well, perhaps, if I would pass on to the next city and say nothing of this. I find some difficulty in writing a letter about Rome. There would be no difficulty in writing a dozen, but it is no easy task to write one. Still, every one who reads at all has heard of the great church of St. Peter's, the Vatican, the Roman Forum, the Colosseum, the Catacombs, the Appian Way, the Pantheon, the Acqueduct, and the hundred and one other objects of interest clustered in and about the Eternal City, and no letter about them could go over untrodden ground. But I find that all reading about these have been of small service in conveying a proper conception of them to the mind. I think a person might read every letter and every book ever written about Rome and its wonders, and still have an indefinite, or erroneous, idea of them as they actually exist. I had read and read again of the immensity and magnificence of St. Peter's, and had seen the figures designating

its size, and thought I was fully prepared to look upon it, but when I entered its great door, and walked half way up its main aisle, I stopped and stood speechless with amazement, fully realizing, at once, the poverty of human language to impress what was before and around me upon those far away.

It is an easy matter to tell that the little cherubs we see sculptured low down on the columns of handsome marble, make dwarfs of tall men who walk and stand beside them; that the tiny doves just above them and which look smaller than your hand, are over two feet in length; that the pen in the hand of a Saint over one of the altars, and which appears to be only an ordinary goose quill, is actually seven feet long; that the top of the cross surmounting the elaborate tomb of St. Peter, in the centre of the Church and just under the dome, and which looks but little taller than the ceiling in an ordinary American church, is actually so high that it would take a shot-gun of good capacity to knock a tough squirrel from it; I say it is easy to tell these things and it is easy to read about them, but forming a proper idea of them without the aid of one's own vision is another matter entirely. It requires no great amount of talent to go into St. Paul's—decidedly the finest church, inside, about the city—and see the immense altars there, composed, in large part, of malachite, lapis lazuli, jasper and amethyst, or to gaze upon the rows of portraits of all the Popes, from the foundation of the Church, in mosaic, and each of which required the labor of a skillful artist a whole year to execute; and it is only a little tiresome walk over acres of many colored and beautiful marble slabs that compose the floor of this gorgeous church, and to look up and around the vast columns of solid and unbroken marble from almost every rich quarry on the globe, while the diamonds in many of the eyes of the portraits high up on the walls are sparkling down upon you; it does not now throw one into a perspiration to write about going down into the catacombs and telling of a tramp through half a mile or so of the fifty or more miles of damp and tortuous passages between the tiers of tombs of Romans, who died some hundreds of years ago, or to recount what a feeling of awe takes possession of one as he elbows and edges about in the subterranean

aisles and grottoes, and gropes his way around sharp corners and over the uneven floors of these honey-combed charnel houses in mortal fear that he may stray away from the guides and be forever lost to the world and home ; it is no burden to talk of the Colosseum, and to say, in cold figures, how large it is and how many people it would seat ; and it is easier to grow mad over the contemplation of the scenes once enacted within the arena before the 90,000 blood-thirsty spectators, and to feel like going out and chopping off the head of some villainous looking modern Roman. I say, again, it is easy to do these things, but it is not possible to bring home to those who have not themselves been here, a realization of the grandeur of that which is to be seen in and about Rome, or the feelings which take possession of one as he passes about among the monuments of a once mighty empire. He can see the Roman Forum and have pointed out to him the place where Cæsar fell, but he can not describe the effect these have upon him. And it is for these reasons I shall devote but one letter to Rome.

The first day after our arrival we spent sight seeing, using carriages to transport us from point to point. The day was warm and reminded me of the climate at Vicksburg. We crossed the Tiber by the bridge of St. Angelo, having first driven to an eminence overlooking and giving us a good panoramic view of the city. This bridge, they tell us, is the finest in the city, and was built by Hadrian about A. D 130. Near by is Castle St. Angelo, originally Hadrian's tomb, but converted into a fortress twelve hundred years ago. What in the name of common sense they wanted to box up old Hadrian in such a big pile of stone and mortar as this is I can't conceive. Why, it is big enough for the remains of thousands of dead men. The bones of the 11,000 virgins in the Cathedral at Cologne would not make a respectable pile in one corner of it.

Inside of St. Peter's we gawked about dumbfounded, heard the exquisite singing of the choir and the seventy odd priests within the railing near the center of the church, and wondered to find no other seats or places of worship for the people. The place seems to be taken entirely by fat, sleek, rather good looking priests, and the impious are impressed with the idea that

this magnificent structure is more for the adoration of the Popes than to the glorification of the Creator. Pope this and Saint that crop into prominence all over the church, and a visitor can not avoid the suspicion they are the objects of worship.

From St. Peter's we passed into the Vatican, and went hurriedly through some of the galleries and museums, seeing, of course, the works of the old masters, but being too much of savages to appreciate them as good judges of art might. I have so often in this trip regretted that I am not intelligent enough to take a fancy to the great works which are being continually trotted out for us to see. There is no subterfuge that I can resort to that enables me to escape the infliction of being bored over a work of some of the old masters, unless, indeed, I feign sickness and stay at home. I despise their daubs, with a few exceptions. The truth of the whole matter is, they selected impossible subjects, in the first place, and perhaps had worse living ones for their models. I know it is wicked for me to harbor the idea that probably the old Roman matron was not a noble looking woman, but, on the contrary, was as homely as the present dwellers in Rome, but I can't help it. I think it not at all beyond the possibilities that the works of our own Fennimore Cooper and that other prolific writer of thrilling Indian novels, whose cognomen does not drop from my pen just at the present moment, may escape fire and flood and be handed down to far off generations and read as the chronicles of the present time. If they should be, then what of the beautiful Indian maiden I have sought among so many tribes of the far West to see without being rewarded for my labor? Why, she will be regarded as a beauty who bewitched and ran men crazy with her loveliness.

But I am straggling. At the Vatican we passed into one room and, as if by concert, there arose the exclamation of "how beautiful!" as the bright, life-like pictures greeted our eyes. A shade of disgust passed over the face of our conductor. He hurried us out of the room with the remark that these pictures all represented some dogma of the Church, and as modern pictures, were very good, but of not sufficient interest to justify any loss of time over them. Mr. Forbes is an intelligent gentle-

man, who has lived in Rome several years, and made its antiquities his study, and who has aided in the recent discoveries of several catacombs, and translated and written a great deal, but I fear that he sees beauties in things more from the fact that they look old and rusty than because they are actually handsome. And I suspect he would sooner go into raptures over the proboscis of some idol made just after Adam's time, and baked and dried in the burning sun of Egypt, than he would over the most symmetrical nose of any handsome lady in our entire party. Now that's art, and the common herd don't possess it—at least all Americans who have independence enough to be their own judges are devoid of it.

We took lunch between noon and 1 o'clock and rested till 3 o'clock. To give you an idea of the amount of labor we perform, I will quote from the diary of my room-mate, covering the rounds for the balance of the day:

"Left the hotel again at three o'clock, passing through the Corso, by the new Postoffice, to the Theater of Marcellus, the second stone theater in Rome, built by Augustus, son of Julius Cæsar, and finished by Augustus' son, Marcellus, in the first century. It is in the shape of the letter D, and accommodated 40,000 people. Thence to the Temple of Vesta, or Hercules, a circular building supported by twenty Corinthian columns, thirty two feet in height and built in the time of Vespasian. Next, to the pyramid of Caius Cestius, containing his remains. It is 116 feet high by 98 feet square at the base, built of brick by Pontius Mila and the freedman Polhus. Thence we drove quite a distance outside the city walls to St. Paul's, which was burned in 1823, and restored in the most expensive manner by Pope Pius IX. It contains a few fine paintings and mosaics, and the pictures of all the Popes in circular frames five feet in diameter. These pictures are all mosaic, and a number of them have diamond eyes. There are eighty massive Corinthian columns which form the nave, all of solid marble. The whole church is of the most expensive marble, polished so highly as to reflect like a mirror. The painted glass windows are the finest I ever saw. The principal entrance, toward the Tiber, is unfinished. On that end, outside, is an immense mosaic pic-

ture made by the Vatican manufacturers, and which consumed fifteen years in making. St. Paul's remains are in a tomb in the transept. This is far the finest church of its size in the world. Thence through the Porto St. Paolo to the house of Rienzi, passing the Hill of Remeli and the Temple of Patrician on the site of the Forum of cattle dealers, and walking up to the stone bridge across the Tiber, built 150 B. C., and the first stone bridge in Rome. Below we saw the mouth of the great drain of Rome and the remains of the wooden bridge, and above the Sacred Island of the Tiber, and connected to the main land by two bridges built 100 years B. C. Thence through the Jew's quarter to the "hired house" of St. Paul, where that Apostle lived; to the Pantheon, or Temple of All Gods, a large circular edifice, formerly used as a bath or sweating chamber. A circular, open space, 27 feet in diameter, in the center of the roof is the only opening for light in this large building. The tombs of Raphael and Victor Emanuel are in this building. Thence to the hotel, passing the King's Palace."

My young friend, who keeps a full record of all the statistics of this trip, after dinner (and that means in this country, to us, anywhere between six o'clock and midnight) went out with some ladies to see the Colosseum by moonlight, drove home by the Corso, stopping at a cafe on the way to take "some ices," as he has it in his notes. And in this way I show you how busy we are.

You have often heard of Crœsus. You, perhaps, never saw that wealthy gentleman, and, perhaps never will, but you can see the tomb of his wife outside the city on the Appian way. They called her Cecilla Metella, and encased her in this immense tower about 100 B. C. The thing is large enough to hold the remains of a regiment. Out on this famous highway we also saw the buildings, dug deep down into the earth and walled up like a cellar, and reaching a roof twenty feet above ground without any intervening floor, where, in niches in the wall, were placed the urns containing the ashes of the members of Cæsar's numerous household. There are three of these buildings, and the one we went down into, by means of stone steps, was capable of accommodating eight hundred urns without crowding. Two

of these urns contained some ashes, *said to be* of those cremated bodies, and our party carried most of them off. It was a convenient way of transporting corpses.

But I must bid Rome good-bye for the present. To-morrow night or the next morning, we go down to Naples, Vesuvius and Pompeii. I want to visit Pompeii and see the home of Glaucus and the house of Diomed, and perhaps the ground over which Bulwer made the blind girl, Nydia, lead Glaucus and the queenly Ione through darkness, fire and raining ashes to safety, on the seashore and love and happiness beyond. And I want to look over the water into which that faithful, but heart-broken little guide sought oblivion from the pangs of unrequited love by casting herself beneath the sea. Having done this, I think I will be enabled to endure the fleas of Rome, and tramp through her narrow, dirty, crooked streets with greater composure.



LETTER XIV.

More of Rome and its big sights—Trying to have pictures taken in the Roman Forum—Our Guide in the Eternal City—Run to Naples—First view of Vesuvius—Naples not a clean city—The beautiful Bay—Cheapness of everything—Noisy place - Odd vehicles—Mosquitoes and Smudges—Preparing for a midnight tramp to the summit of Vesuvius.

NAPLES, ITALY, August 7th, 1879.

The day subsequent to the date of my last letter from Rome, we spent in that interesting city seeing all the sights we could in that time. The sun shone pretty warm, and we suffered from heat, especially while hanging about the Roman Forum, looking at the remains of noted temples and other buildings clustered thickly about it, and listening to our conductor air his knowledge of these places. And we absolutely boiled while about one half the party stood for their picture in a group in the parching rays of the sun. I presume when we get home and our friends see our blurred faces with the remaining columns of the Temple of Castor and Pollux in the back ground, they will feel we have done something wonderful indeed. If they don't feel so, we will never be repaid for our being cooked alive.

We did not see where Cæsar fell—for he did not fall in the Roman Forum, but at another fellow's house, a mile away, and

was brought and laid out here—but we saw the spot where his dead body lay when Mark Antony made the speech mentioned by many ancient historians and put in words by Mr. Shakespeare. From the Roman Forum we went to the Palatine Hill, and did up the ancient edifices there, including the Palace of the Cæsars, Farnese Gardens, Baths of Livia, Palaces of Caligula, Tiberius and Flavius, and divers other points made famous by history. Of course we saw the room set apart as the one in which Caligula stabled his famous horse and fed him on oats gilded in gold, but Mr. Forbes wouldn't swear to it. But we find Mr. Forbes a very poor guide in one or two respects. For one thing, he has small faith, and he even turns up his nose at many favorite traditions. He don't believe in the twenty kegs of nails from the true cross, or that Saint So and So is buried in three or four different places. He will deliberately show us the foot prints of some noted chap or the dent of his head where it was bumped against some stone, and then in cold blood show us that, for many reasons, it is all a hoax—such as that the fellow was never in those parts and consequently he couldn't have imprinted any stones in that locality. This is not exactly right. We want to be astounded, and when this delver after hidden lore trots in his unromantic notions and brushes away so many pet theories, we feel that we ought to have a guide not so well down to hard fact. It must be understood that Mr. Forbes only conducts the sections in Rome. While he is a very clever gentleman and very thorough in his knowledge of the city and its surroundings, he will not dose us with miracles or allow others to do so without his protest.

It having been left discretionary whether we should travel by night or by day from Rome to this place, about twenty of us took the cars at 11 o'clock P. M. and ran through that night, thus avoiding the heat and dust of the day. Just as the sun was peeping over the mountains and glinting the low range to the right of us, we looked out the car window and, for the first time, saw the small column of smoke issuing from the top of Vesuvius and drifting lazily before a gentle breeze out to sea. It did not strike us as a grand sight and yet it impressed us as an interesting one. The column was never broken, but steady and regular as

though the fireman below did his work without any fitful interludes of rest or slumber. So near did the mountain appear to us that we felt it necessary to adjust our baggage and our hair so we might be ready to get out in order at the depot, and for this purpose aroused two or three sleepers for whom the cry of "Vesuvius" had no electric effect, but it was full two hours when we came fully abreast of the mountain and passed into the city.

As our tired party sat in and on top of the omnibusses waiting the slow action of the railroad men in delivering the few trunks brought along, we were discovered by some boys who were out early, and who gathered around us, and good-humoredly sought alms, indicating by various signs that they were in want of a breakfast. We did not dare to pitch them a copper, for had we done so, our peace would have been gone for all of our stay in Naples. Some one tried that when passing through the Jews' quarter in Rome, and a pack of boys and girls chased us for half a mile, and would bounce out after us whenever they caught sight of us afterwards. I said we waited for the baggage at the depot. That usually goes ahead of us, and is in charge of our sub-conductor, but being ahead of the programme, and for the first time under the baggage man, we had to wait for all baggage we had brought down for the entire section. Most of it we left at Rome to await our return.

If we had seen no more, the ride from the depot to the hotel was sufficient to convince us that Naples is not a clean city. I don't think, now that I have been here two days, that I have seen a more dirty one. That street which runs the whole length of the half circle or more in front of the bay for a distance of over ten miles, is especially unclean, and some of the narrow alleys leading into it, and which seem to be absolutely swarming with human beings, are filthy in a superlative degree. In the afternoon when the sun has passed behind the houses and tall bluffs fronting the bay, the place becomes crowded with dirty women and children, who seek light and air by teeming out of their dirty and filthy dens into the open street. Many of the children are half naked, and some of them quite so, thus making them no cheerful sight to see. And I have never

heard so much noise as I have heard in Naples. It seems that some one is yelling all the time. Midnight brings no relief from this nuisance. Sometimes some vendor of fruit passing under my window screams out in such an unearthly manner that I fancy, on the spur of the moment, some one is murdering him, and on going to the window I am sorry it is only a fancy. The organ grinders have besieged our hotel and, at meal times especially, have nearly ground us into fits. The first time they did this we unfortunately sent out a deputation to buy them off and send them away. Now they suddenly start up at every corner of the hotel and have become too much for us. We may have to kill one before we get any peace. Yesterday we were all badly shocked by a pack of boys with no other garments than shirts on, turning handsprings and standing on their heads in front of our hotel. What other indignity we may expect before we leave I can not tell.

We find most things very cheap in Naples. A short cab drive in the city costs ten cents for two—street car fare two cents a bare seat, and three cents for one with cushions. Coral jewelry and shell cameos are in great abundance and low in price. Bath houses in the bay furnish you with a bathing garment very short at both ends, two towels as large as a sheet for a single bed, and a room in which to disrobe, all for the modest sum of ten cents. One can get a first class shine to his boots for the insignificant price of two cents, and he can buy fruit enough to gorge three persons for ten or fifteen cents.

They have mosquitoes here, and they have them in abundance; yet the hotels make no provision in the way of bars to keep them from feasting off Americans. Last night they came near finishing me. The chambermaid gave me two saucers containing a vile compound to burn as a "smudge," and with which I nearly suffocated myself trying to rid the room of pests, but I think if old Vesuvius herself had been vomiting her sulphurous smoke right in at my window, I would have furnished steak for hungry mosquitoes all the same. When I look at these brown, dirty, sour, thick-skinned Italians, whom we meet upon the streets, I do not wonder that a mosquito should risk his life and wade through fire and smoke to get a nibble at an

American. Thinking that perhaps our hotel was peculiar in the matter of this great deficiency for the comfort of guests, we made diligent inquiries and found they were all alike. One can not buy a mosquito bar in Naples.

I wish I could describe some of the outlandish vehicles they use here in Italy, especially the carts upon which nearly everything is transported. It would be better than anything else, perhaps, to illustrate what miserable, ignorant human beings these people are, and how small progress in some things they have made since the flood. But I shall not attempt to do it. I have nearly run my legs off in search of photographs of them without success. I can always, everywhere, find pictures of castles, palaces, parks, big churches and stunning places, but when I look for those which will illustrate the character of their odd streets, their fantastic surroundings and such things as would somewhat show their mode of living and doing business, I can not find them. I would give more for a view looking up one of the dark, dirty, narrow streets intersecting the broad one facing the bay, or for the clumsy and murderous cart drawn by three small, patient, ill-used donkeys, than I would for the entire catalogue of those of the bay, or of Vesuvius sending up fire and smoke in the distance.

If one had not been in Naples and seen the poverty and dirt of her half million of people, or smelled the awful smells which run riot on the streets facing the bay, and which are open to air and sunshine; and had not heard the yells and noise and screeches that have no cessation, morning, noon or night, and which would make Bedlam appear a quiet place; or had not seen the inhuman drivers of vehicles pounding their faithful and tractable ponies and donkies over the head, or trying to crack their eyes out with clumsy whips, I think a sight of the Bay of Naples would strike him as being as lovely a sight as he has ever seen. I can understand the gorgeous descriptions of those who approach the city from the sea, and who write under the inspiration of such a view, unaffected by the scenes which meet them on putting their feet upon its wharf. But if any one should enter Naples and see what I have recounted and then go into gush about the city, I should set him down on the spot

as a hopeless idiot. Some fellow once wrote "see Naples and die." My honest conviction is that if he be an ordinary tidy person, with his senses of sight and smell and hearing in good order, and sees Naples in August thoroughly, he will obey the injunction in less than two weeks, and be as hopeless a corpse as though he had jumped into the crater at Vesuvius. But a sea-sick person, gliding into the quiet, blue waters of the bay as it was sparkling and quivering in the moonlight, and seeing the long crescent of houses and lights before him, as his own stomach was clearing up from the effects of a long voyage in a stinking ship, would be justified in an attack of enthusiasm, and my advice to him would be to cast anchor and never enter the city at all. Then he could return to his native land with pleasant recollections of it.

It is now midnight. The noise in the streets below is greater, if possible, than ever. I occupy a corner room, each of the two sides facing other hotels across the way. Both of them are ablaze with light. In the parlor of one six ladies and gentlemen are at a game of cards, while a big mouthed Italian, with strong lungs and great endurance, is singing at the top of his voice and pounding away at an ancient piano. In the corner room of the other hotel, and on a level with mine, by the window, sits a middle aged lady with no greater amount of attire than the urchins who stood upon their heads in front of our hotel, fanning herself and enjoying the smells and melodies that are stealing upon the night air. The streets are narrow, and yet this Italian lady seems to have no concern that she is being gazed upon by a gentleman from America. The mosquitoes have come in and gathered upon the walls or are innocently humming about the room waiting for me to blow out the lights and go to bed. But I am going to disappoint them to-night. Most of our party are going to Vesuvius, and I hear the carriages driving up to the door. I look out my window and just where the moon came up over the mountair's three hours ago, I see a red beacon in the heavens with its light dim, and brighter by turns, and I know that is uneasy Vesuvius, the cinders and ashes from whose troubled stomach buried Pompeii and several adjoining towns just eighteen hundred years ago. I am very

tired and more sleepy, and they tell me it is an awful pull, but I want to go there, and I hope I won't fall by the wayside as many have done before. Yet two nights without slumber in this hot clime, hard work during the day, winding up with an exhausting climb up Vesuvius, may be more than I can endure, and I will not predict the result. There is a loud call upon stragglers from our conductor from below, so I bid you good-night.



LETTER XV.

Night ride to Vesuvius—The carriages—Strange night scenes—Guides and Ponies—The Hermitage—Bedlam broke loose—Climbing to the summit—Some of the party break down and are boosted up the ascent by the rabble guides—Down into the bowl of the crater, and lighted our cigars at the brimstone fires—Return to the hotel well fagged out—Rest two hours and start for Pompeii—The Exhumed City and what we saw there—The buildings that are being uncovered—The paintings and how they hold their colors—Licentiousness of these ancients—Their vulgar pictures closed against lady visitors—Shameful symbols on the houses—The house of Glaucus—Rude mills, ovens, bread, etc.—Excursion to the island of Capri, Sorrenti, and the Blue Grotto—Return to Rome—See the Queen but miss the Pope—More of Rome hereafter.

ROME, ITALY, August 9, 1879.

I closed my last letter to you at Naples, a little after midnight, to take a seat with the driver of one of the twelve carriages that were to convey the greater number of our party to the hermitage about half way, in elevation, up Vesuvius. These carriages were all with folding tops, holding five persons, one with the driver and four inside, and drawn by three horses abreast, the third one being only for this drive and hitched by a movable arrangement alongside the near horse. This drive lasted three hours and a half, being about equally divided between the journey through the long city of Naples and the ascent of the mountain. The ascent begins near the eastern terminus of the city and before you pass out of it. The moon was a little past the full, and the sky was unbroken even by a cloud as big as your hand.

About a half a mile or more before leaving the city we came to the headquarters for guides and ponies, and here experienced a siege I had never seen before or ever want to see again. It beggars description. Almost in a twinkling the streets swarmed with the most ill-favored and piratical looking scoundrels, some with donkeys, some with staffs, some with nothing but their bad faces, and all noisily crowding about the carriages seeking to be employed. They led their animals up to the carriage doors, piled their walking sticks into the vehicles, held out their straps for us to touch that they might then claim that we had engaged their services, and were persistent to a degree that was both laughable and annoying. Our conductor brought partial order out of the chaos by ascertaining who wanted animals and who wanted chairs in which to be carried up, and then engaged these, but forty others took after us and the whole swarm of them went whooping and yelling up the road with us, some walking, some riding, while others held to the tails of the animals and pounded them with sticks to increase their speed. To say that they kicked up a dust that nearly suffocated us expresses it mildly.

The day was fairly dawning when we reached the hermitage. Here the carriages stop for the present, but the Government is at work on a road that will enable vehicles to reach the base of the cone. About thirty of us in all concluded to undertake the ascent. And here again Bedlam broke loose and continued until the riders were mounted, some ladies in chairs, and the doleful looking caravan under way. If I did Vesuvius I wanted to do it myself, so I was one of a very few who started out on foot and continued unassisted till I stood upon the summit looking down into the bowl-like conformation, and the two unequal peaks therein sending up their fire and smoke, and now and then spitting out a bushel or so of red hot lava. It was a very exhaustive trip of two hours duration, and very many of the dirty vagabonds who had stuck to us, were rewarded by being employed to pull and push at members of our party who had lost their wind and their spirits at the same time. These fellows know pretty well the capacity of the average American, and his readiness to call for assistance in trying times even if it

is expensive, and when one of them swears up and down at the outfitting station that he will foot it up Vesuvius or die in the attempt, they do not become discouraged, but follow on clear up to the crater, rarely ever reaching it without being sought to lend a helping hand, either to push or pull some one, to carry his surplus garments, or, perchance, make a perambulating wineshop of himself by carrying the numerous bottles that have been brought along for the stomach's sake.

Well, every one who undertook the trip made it; went down into the bowl, crossed the fissures around its edge that were sending out their heat and sulphurous smoke, walked over the field of lava that had been made only eight days ago, and was still hot, climbed the main crater and perspired within the very heat of its gentle vomitings, lit our cigars, and burned the corners of letters at the fissures, and dug moulten lava from the sides of the baby crater to mould around our copper pieces, or to let cool for specimens to bring home. We did all these things and got our lungs full of vile air, and came down by a short and steep cut on the jump—some of us tumbling heels over head and nearly burying ourselves in the fine lava—and at last reaching our hotels near noon, so nearly worn out as to feel it were an accident if our bodies hung together. And yet in less than two hours we started for Pompeii, taking carriages to the depot, a long way from our hotel, and then the cars for the exhumed city.

What shall I say of Pompeii? I am sure I do not know, I can state with all my reading on the subject I found the houses which have been uncovered in a much better state of preservation than I had expected, and was enabled to form a clearer idea of the habits of its former inhabitants than I supposed would be possible. There are no evidences that any of these people lived luxuriantly, but on the contrary their rooms were small, poorly lighted, worse ventilated, and devoid of comfort. Some writers speak of them as having lived in splendor. I can not believe it from the well preserved things to be seen there. They had some bronze ornaments and marble statuary, but they had poor bread. Their walls were frescoed but the rooms were small and without windows. Their houses were

one story high, jammed together, with very narrow streets, with certainly no front yards and no indications of back ones. What they luxuriated in can not be seen among the relics left to this generation. It is true they had their public baths, and perhaps their private ones, and it is not a wide stretch to imagine they needed them.

It is estimated that about one-third of the city has been uncovered, and yet only one small window of glass about sixteen inches in length and three in width has, so far, been discovered. The Government has a force at work excavating right along towards the mountain, and we were taken to that point and saw the buildings being brought to the light after a burial of just eighteen hundred years. It was almost startling to see how clear and bright they looked after this long slumber under ground. Those old fellows had fast colors in those days, for many of the fresco paintings on the walls look almost as bright as if put on but a week ago, and after being exposed to the hot sun of Italy for months, and even years, retain their color in a remarkable degree. We had seen an evidence of this in Rome, in the house of Germanicus, on the Palatine Hill, adjoining the Palace of the Cæsars, which has recently been exhumed after being buried twelve hundred years, the paintings upon whose walls were quite good and strikingly fresh and clear. And there was another thing those ancients understood, and that was the art of making mortar that would stand for ages as firm and strong as when first dried from the trowel of the mason.

Still, having seen the homes of these people, their clumsy manner of doing things, and the many witnesses of their licentious lives, I can't admire them even though they are credited with intelligence and were the possessors of some arts that have been lost to us. Why, in Pompeii, there are houses containing so many evidences of vulgarity that even these Italians of the present day, who are by no means fastidious on such subjects, deem it necessary to keep closed and shut out from the view of ladies; and in the museum at Naples there is a room filled with such questionable works of art that have been found during excavations of this renowned city of the past, no female is ever permitted to enter its doors. I speak of this thing be-

cause it is not often alluded to by writers, and because it is the most striking feature of the history of Pompeii handed down by art in paintings and bronze and sculpture, so far unearthed. Houses, the character of which can barely be hinted at in print, were designated by the most shameful symbols, prominent from the street, and in enduring marble that marks the tread of centuries—symbols that stand as monuments to disgust a civilized people. I presume writers seldom mention these things because it would detract from the poetry of the place; but the things I speak of stand out boldly in Pompeii, and one must pass through its streets, deserted now by aught else save lizards, with closed eyes if he does not see them. As we stood there, with Vesuvius frowning down upon us from the distance, it was an easy matter to entertain the conviction that Pompeii existed long enough, and that the Almighty smote it none too soon.

We were shown the houses of Glaucus—they call him the “Tragic Poet”—of Salust, of Diomede, and other prominent characters in Bulwer's novels, but there was no monument to that loving blind girl, who rescued Ione and Glaucus and the miserable priest from the clutches of the wily Arbaces, and at last led Glaucus and Ione through the horrors of a ghastly day to the seashore. I thought of that faithful little woman often in my ramble through Pompeii, and when I stood in Glaucus' house where the flowers must have grown and blossomed under her gentle care, I forgot that she was an ideal character, and imagined where she stood and how she looked as she prepared the bouquet for the kindly master whom she loved so well.

We saw the rude, clumsy mills upon which the Pompeians ground their grain, standing just as they stood eighteen hundred years ago; we looked into the oven which baked their bread and from which eighty loaves were taken cooked too brown for the use of those who found them so long after baking; we saw their amphitheatre—a child as compared with the one at Verona, and a mere baby by the side of the full grown one at Rome. We saw their public and private baths, their forums and temples of justice, their churches, and the immense well, the caving in of which opened a hole to light above, and led to the discovery

of the buried city. We walked over the tiled floors that are as smooth and bright as though cemented yesterday, and we tried to steal mementoes of the place, but the Italian guards were so thick and watched us so closely we could only carry away a few yards of the floor from the house of Salust. We tried to get away with one of the bodies which lie in state in the Museum, and which gave forth no odor after so long a burial, but it was too heavy for us. So we passed out the city under the archway that formerly led to the sea, now far away, as a grateful breeze came to us across the lovely expanse of water, and took the cars for Naples.

The next day a steamer was chartered, and an excursion made to the island of Capri, to Sorrento and the famous Blue Grotto, but I was too much fatigued to accompany it, and so stayed in Naples loafing around upon my own hook. Last night at 8 o'clock, we left the hotel, and driving for a mile or more through the swarms of people on the broad street along the bay, amid myriads of lights and the busiest scene we have witnessed in Europe, we struck out through the narrow streets, and at last reached the depot in time for the nine o'clock train, and to bid Naples good-bye, Vesuvius keeping her red eye upon us till we were far upon our journey. Our train was an immense one, carrying quite a number of soldiers, and we did not reach our hotel in Rome till 8 o'clock this morning, after a very tiresome ride that would be made in America in less than half the time it takes these slow-going people to make it. We found the fourth section here, having "done up" the city and ready to start for Naples in two hours. When we came here before we met the third section returning from Naples, and we have been with the first section both here and at Naples, and will remain with it over Sunday, when we part and none of us meet till we reach London on our return home. Thus we have met all of the three hundred Americans on this excursion except the fifth section, which only made a short tour no farther South than Switzerland. On Monday we start northward, and in three days will be out of Italy and in cooler quarters, passing first through Pisa, Genoa and Milan. The fourth section, who have just come down from Switzerland, give us such glowing accounts of

their enjoyment in that country, and the fun they had snowballing in the Simplon pass, that we are anxious to be on that territory.

We had arranged to see the Pope to-day, but it is a disappointment to learn he is indisposed and can see no one. But we have seen the Queen and waded through the Palace, and that is some compensation. Yet nearly all of us were anxious to see the Pope. He is the only dignitary we have had any anxiety to look upon. Our lovely hotel here and the good fare have put us all in a good humor, and we will no doubt leave Rome with kindlier feelings towards it than we entertain for Naples, even with her charming bay.



LETTER XVI.

More about Rome—The Baths of Caracalla—High Mass at St. Peter's—The Capucini Church and description of the Graveyard for barefooted Monks—Departure from Rome—Journey to Genoa—Stay at Pisa to see the Baptistry, Cathedral, Campo Santo, and the Leaning Tower—Discourse upon Fleas—Scenery upon the Mediterranean Coast.

GENOA, ITALY, August 12, 1879.

I fear there was an apparent contradiction in the two letters I wrote from Rome. Before starting for Naples I may have spoken sneeringly of the Eternal City, and made some unjust remark about its fleas, and on returning I think I expressed delight at getting back. Not having been to Naples when I wrote the first letter, and having been there when I wrote the second, must account for this. After having gone to Naples and endured its stench and noise and unpleasant sights, and left there with our bodies all frescoed by hungry fleas, our faces set in Mosaic by viler mosquitoes, our stomachs full of tough and sour bread and questionable water, and made a long run, at night, in a train with a regiment of soldiers whose vocation seemed to be to screech and yell, I think one might be pardoned for even liking Rome, especially if quartered in an elegant hotel. I doubt if we find a place during our whole tour which will please us less or disgust us more than did our visit to Naples, where so many dirty people nearly live in the streets. In our

ride to Vesuvius from the hotel the pavements were lined in some places with slumberers like so many pigs, and as we returned we saw the inhabitants pursuing all sorts of avocations in narrow streets, such as washing, shoemaking, boiling roasting ears, drying maccaroni on poles, searching the heads of young ones for vermin, making up their black bread and leaving it to sour in the sunshine, and preparing their vegetables for cooking and leaving the parings and dirt in the street, while half-grown children, begrimed as though they had been dragged a day through the lava on the sides of Vesuvius, sported about as naked as when they unluckily came into the world.

We spent the first day of our return to Rome in cleaning ourselves, and getting a rest so greatly needed by all. The next day, Sunday, a large party "did up" the baths of Caracalla, the two museums, and other places they had omitted, while many went to high mass and afternoon services at St. Peter's. A few returned to the Colosseum to gaze again upon and wonder at the stupendous structure, while still two or three lingered about the baths I have mentioned, that were once under a roof, the outer walls of which were just a mile in length. These baths are a greater curiosity to me than the Colosseum, and aside from any history connected with them, are far more impressive. They have in large part been destroyed by various Popes, who robbed them of their marble and statues to build and adorn churches that few enter except priests, pilgrims and beggars. We are told they actually burned the marble statues to make lime. And yet these people make costly pictures, in Mosaic, of those old vandals, and stick them up in prominent places for future generations to see. If the Baths of Caracalla had been left as they were when first discovered and cleared of the rubbish caused by the crushing in of the acres of garden upon their roof, they would to-day be a far grander sight to see than St. Peters, with all her pomp and riches stolen from other interesting monuments in and about Rome.

In the afternoon some of us went to the Capuccini Church, the lower portion of which is a graveyard for the barefooted monks. There are five rooms, or large alcoves, made entirely of the bones of these old fellows, and the fat chap who accompanied

us, said 7,000 monks had been buried and disjointed and strung up there in the four hundred years since the place was opened for the reception of them. The ground on the small floors is composed of dirt from Jerusalem, and every monk who dies desires to take his turn in it; so when a new corpse is brought in they take up the one who has enjoyed the Jerusalem dirt the longest, and replace him with the new one, putting the disinterred fellow in a niche till he is thoroughly cured, when they disjoint him, label his skull and pile his bones in the heaps which form the walls, ceilings and columns of these fantastic rooms.

There was no unpleasant odor whatever in the place, albeit some of the ghastly monks who sat upright or reclined in the drying-out niches were still uncured, with the skin drawn unpleasantly tight over their shrivelled faces, and tufts of hair, here and there, sticking to their head and jaws. Many of the jaws are nearly toothless through the ravages of relic hunters, and I confess to a slight feeling of guilt as I write with the tooth of a fourteen-hundred-and-niner in my pocket, given me by a dentist of our party after coming out. How that old fellow will find his tooth when Gabriel blows his horn and causes a rattling of dry bones in this bony place is not for me to say. I regard the stereoscopic view I have of one of these alcoves as the most valuable in my collection, because it will illustrate better than the words of any pen, the appearance of this wierd and awful place.

Taking lunch at Rome with a good supply of maccaroni after putting every one at the hotel on his oath that it was not made at Naples, we entered the cars and bade a last good-bye to that famed city and our nice hotel, and turning our faces northward, whirled away through the heat and dust that have all the time been our companions during our jaunt in Italy. As far as Spezia the scenery on the way is uninverting, the land poor, the fields and gardens parched by the heat of the sun, or actually burned by the fires that have swept over them, and the scenery tame. In passing through it one can not resist wishing it were night to shut out the view and the heat of the sun at the same time. At Spezia, however, a happy change takes place, and

from that point till you have driven through the long tunnel at Genoa, and the guard opens the door there and politely calls out "Genova," there is ample in the picture laid out before you to reward you for remaining awake and looking upon it. Here you have come upon the seashore, and to your right lies the clear, blue waters, flecked, as far as the eye can reach, with sailing vessels, while upon the left lie the mountains inhabited and cultivated to their very summits, and often running down to the sea in such bald and rugged spurs of solid rock that our train can not turn their points, but must dart through the tunnels which pierce them so frequently and at such short intervals, in some parts of the journey, that one has not time to look at the time of day by his watch in the flashes of day-light that are allotted to him. There are between fifty and a hundred of these tunnels—I should judge nearer the latter number—some of them so long that you lose your patience waiting for the sunshine to greet you at their termini. The coast is very rugged, and no doubt a view from a ship at sea, looking inland, is a very fine one.

I never saw so many houses stuck about so thickly in apparently inaccessible and impossible places as may be seen on the mountain sides in this ride. It is a constant matter of speculation how the inhabitants all subsist. For miles and miles the only thing which seems to be cultivated are the tens of thousands of olive trees that appear like forests as we speed by them. Nearing Genoa, we find every inch of the little valleys cultivated in gardens, and all these irrigated by water drawn from wells that exist by hundreds. Indeed, there are no crops in Italy which seem to thrive at all where not irrigated.

I have just become conscious that I have jumped Pisa at a bound. Still, so far as the mention of the country is concerned, it makes no difference. We reached Pisa near 11 o'clock at night the day after leaving Rome, and, late as it was, took a good tea at the excellent Hotel Minerva, near the depot, and went to bed in airy rooms, and surrounding ourselves with mosquito bars dreamed of home. The next morning taking carriages, we drove through the town, crossed the Arno and saw the objects of interest clustered together at the outskirts of

the place—the Cathedral, Baptistry, Campo Santo and the Leaning Tower, all of which entertained us. The Cathedral has large bronze doors, is very fine inside and out, and contains, as you have no doubt heard, the lamp, the swinging of which, suggested to Galileo the idea of a pendulum. The Baptistry is a circular building shaped like a dumpy sugar loaf, culminating in a dome near 200 feet high, containing a renowned pulpit which I forgot to look at, and having the ability to furnish an echo that is its chief wonder. The Campo Santo is the burial ground, where fifty ship loads of dirt brought from Jerusalem, constitute the earth which receives the bodies of those buried there. This place is surrounded by a high wall, and a wide covered portico where are many curious relics. The walls are covered with a dauby and faded fresco painting, representing various subjects that can hardly be guessed at after the conductor has told us what they are.

Of course we made ourselves drunk and brought the sweat streaming down our backs climbing to the top of the Leaning Tower, and we fairly made the custodians dance by ringing the big bells up there, out of hours. All these buildings are from six hundred to eight hundred years old. I might tell by reference to some one's guide book but I would rather not. When I got to London I buried all the guide books I had in the trunk I left there, and have not felt disposed to be burdened with one since. So, if any statistics should now and then prove a little faulty, you can understand the reason.

The water or the atmosphere, or something else must be very bad on eyesight about Pisa. There are so many blind people at that place lying in wait for you. They barred every door of these old buildings we entered, and many urchins led them about and skilfully blockaded our way at every turn until they annoyed us so much we almost wished their bones were lying in the Campo Santo. How very natural it is for people to beg in Italy, and oh, how often do the calls of hunger and wan prompt the act.

In the journey from Rome to Pisa we passed through two rather important places, Leghorn and Civita Vecchia, but did not make more than a halt there and a slight exchange of fleas.

I tell you this flea business is a terrible annoyance, and scratching is one of our chief entertainments. When we first went to Rome and took on the old Roman flea, many seekers after relics from this part of the world were rather proud of the acquisition, and hoped to take some home; but after we went down to Naples and got multiplied, and then came back and picked up another Roman invoice, with additions at several minor places, till our bodies became a battle ground for these hungry and industrious vermin, and we could no longer identify our cherished Roman flea from the ignoble herd around him, we began to feel that we would like to shake the entire company and bid them good bye forever. But they won't shake worth a cent, and I suppose we must still count our hunts after them in the privacy of our chambers, by the uncertain light of a sickly European candle, as one of our chief sources of delight.

We left Pisa at noon and reached our hotel here at eight o'clock to-night. Our stay here will be short, as we leave at noon to-morrow. We have seen the monument of Columbus and went to see his autograph letter.



LETTER XVII.

From Genoa, Italy, to Brieg, Switzerland—The Party losing interest—Hot and dusty Italy Genoa—Trying to talk Italian—Country Improving—Arrival at Milan The Grand Cathedral and Magnificent Arcade—The Picture of the Last Supper and comments thereon—Lake San Maggoire and the Barromeian Islands Crossing the Alps in diligences by day and by night—Unequalled scenery—Arrival at Brieg—Stop for the night.

BRIEG, SWITZERLAND, August 16, 1879.

I believe I closed my last letter at Genoa. I am not certain of it. We have been on the pad so continually that I have about lost my identity as well as my bearings. I am almost beginning to think we are getting too large a dose of this tour. The way we rush around and keep in a perpetual stew has been telling on some members of our party. They begin to lose interest in the journey, and it is hard to arouse their enthusiasm. Many of them persist in sleeping in the cars while we are bowling through a country they will know as little about as if they had remained in America. This has only been the case since we left Naples. We will date many of our miseries from our visit to Naples. I honestly believe some of us have not yet been able to digest the bread we ate there. But this is no easy trip, especially that part lying in Italy, and unless we get rested, now that we are out of the heat and dust and noises and

stenches of that priest-ridden land, we may begin to long for the end of it, and for the time that will find us aboard of our vessel homeward bound.

We did not like our hotel in Genoa. The building was good enough and the rooms up to the average, but there were so many extras at the table, and such a disposition to force these upon us to the neglect of those things which belong to the regular bill of fare, that we felt more than ever before a disposition to rend somebody and compose our minds.

We spent the day of our arrival up to noon in hurrying about seeing the principal objects of interest and admiring the rather good looking women we met in large numbers in the streets. The chief things we did not see were the manuscript letters of Columbus and Paganini's old fiddle. We were willing to take these at second hand, but we had to drive around Columbus' monument and feel grateful that he had discovered a country and a home for us. Even if he were not able to write a good fist, as Mark Twain unkindly intimated, we feel kindly towards Columbus.

Our drive led through the handsome park of the city, and we all regretted our arrival so late in the evening previous. We were not favored with a look at the throngs of big bugs who congregate and air themselves there in the breezy afternoons. We drove through one long street upon which nearly every building we passed was a palace, and we kept our driver on the rack trying to make us understand their names. One of the party in the carriage in which I rode was ever so busy endeavoring to talk to this fellow; and the manner in which he mixed French, Dutch and Italian, with an occasional dab of English into one heterogeneous mass, was beyond comprehension. It absolutely confounded the driver, and now and then he would rein up his horse and sit in speechless amazement till, by yells and cries from the sane ones of the party, he would recover his senses and drive on. If we could have read their language and could have seen the morning paper the next day, we would no doubt have seen a notice of the death of this man from exhaustion in endeavoring to comprehend the gabbling of an American Tourist. The truth of the matter is, some of us make woful

asses of ourselves, and will have forgotten our mother tongue if we do not soon quit this country. We often lunge away into an abyss of incomprehensible jargon, trying to give some order at the table, and have grown so hopelessly foolish that we barely recover our senses when the waiter, with a look of disgust on his face, asks us, in good English, what we want. We have now left Italy and are among a French speaking people, soon again to pass into England, and I apprehend all the languages will mix and run together in such a confused way that the tongue we shall speak aboard our ship will create greater confusion than was known to Babel, for not even two will be able to speak the same dialect.

We left Genoa at noon very much pleased with our short stay there, and regretting we could not see more of the city. As we sped northward the country improved very greatly in appearance, and gave evidence of better soil and higher cultivation. The view upon either hand was pleasing to the eye, and even our wearied sight-seers enjoyed it. We arrived at Milan near ten that night, drove through its elegant streets, by the magnificent Arcade and the renowned Cathedral, and into the court yard at our hotel, to finish a hearty dinner at half-past eleven that threw the greater number of us into the nightmare before the dawn of day. The next morning we went first to the Cathedral that has already cost its one hundred and ten million dollars, climbed to the top of its tallest spire, gazed upon acres of marble roof, its hundreds of spires and its four thousand costly marble statues, and going down into its basement, saw the treasures which have caused so many to stare; then went back to our hotel and wanted to see no more Cathedrals. Here was the queen of them all in her loveliness and grandeur, and a sight of her made all other churches appear tame. A few drove out to the old convent and took a squint at the old daub out there so famous throughout the civilized world as the picture of The Last Supper, and which, but for its great age and continuous laudations of those whose admiration flows at second hand, would hardly now, whatever its merit may once have been, create any great amount of furore. If a man with a taste for art can discover a beauty in this frescoe painting through the dirt and

smoke that cover it as with a pall, then I do not envy him the acuteness of his vision. If an ordinary mortal did not have the aid of copies he would hardly guess at the subject from a look at the original, even after its having been touched up by modern artists of good ability. It seems that in the time when probably it was new and bright, the monks in the convent had no appreciation of it, for they cut a door right through the walls upon which it was painted, and through the painting itself, and it was disfigured in this way for very many years until some relic hunters discovered it was a work of one of the old masters.

There are eighty churches all told in Milan, but after having seen the big one we wanted to see no more. But we saw hundreds of fat well dressed priests, and oceans of beggars in the streets. With the state upon one hand, with its legions of soldiers to be equipped and fed, and the church upon the other hand, with its nearly as numerous clergy to be supported in worse than idleness, and churches as thick as hailstones and too costly to describe, there is no wonder at the extreme poverty and great want of the people of Italy. The countenance of a priest will light up as he sees the shade of wonder passing over the face of a visitor to the relics of a church, but the sight of the hideous beggars who block the way and whine for alms does not excite his pity in the least. On the contrary, I suspect he would rather have them so than otherwise. I am not writing against Catholicism or against Catholics—for I have many friends in that faith—but I write of what I see here and the effect of what I see upon the people. I have seen no such shadow of poverty and ignorance combined in any other part of Europe as I have seen all over Italy.

Leaving Milan at noon and putting behind us, perhaps forever, her quarter of a million of people, and her handsome, well-paved streets and elegant business houses, we run out by cars to Arona, on Lake San Maggoire, where we took steamer for Stresa, which place we reached at 4 o'clock. Here we took dinner and rested till 11 o'clock that night. The scenery is very beautiful on this lake, and especially in view of Stresa; and had we made the ride early in our tour we would have gone

into raptures over it, but we have seen so much of the same thing, it is growing threadbare, and I actually saw some of our people asleep on the boat as we steamed along.

Lying in front of our hotel were the Barromeian Islands and from which the house derived its name: "Hotel des Iles Barromeo." I believe a fellow by the name of Barromeo once owned this part of Italy. It was he who contributed from his inexhaustible quarries a large portion of the marble for the building of the church at Milan, and whose corpse now lies in such splendor in one of the crypts of that Church. He may have been a good looking chap in his day, but the sight of him now, at a cost of five francs, is very discouraging indeed. One of the islands is the home of a very wealthy Italian nobleman, and is adorned with a stately residence, and gardens containing trees, plants and shrubs from every part of the globe. Two dozen or more rowed over there from the hotel and came back distracted, from which I imagine the place to be unusually attractive.

At 11 o'clock that night we took diligences and struck out for the Alps. A diligence is a good enough thing in its way, but when loaded to its capacity, especially with six persons in the centre compartment, may prove uncomfortable. Our squad generally overflows everything, and did so effectually in this instance, so that at the start we were crowded, but a little after daylight when we changed horses and fairly began the ascent, as many as could, including ladies, climbed upon the top and found seats there. Early in the morning we took breakfast in the court yard of a hotel, in open air, and I guess if the landlord had made any reduction on account of wholesale, he lost money by the contract to feed us. It is impossible to keep within the bounds of reason and tell the actual quantity of provender we consumed. The air among the Alps seemed to be better than wine of, iron or any other appetizer druggist ever prepared. At two o'clock that day we stopped a while for lunch, and literally ate up every article of food we could lay our hands on, and then left hungry. At four in the afternoon we reached the summit and sped down the mountain, reaching Brieg at seven. The programme was to take the cars at once

and continue our journey four hours longer to Vernayaz, but we were much too late for the regular train, and not being willing to wait the hours it would require to move the extra one in waiting for us, we were sped about over the picturesque mountain town and quartered in its various hotels and restaurants for the night, ever so glad to get a rest after our long and exciting ride over the Alps.

It would be foolish for me to attempt a description of the scenery that greeted us among the crags and glaciers and gorges and torrents and cascades of these snow-capped mountains of Europe; nor, could I convey to you any part, even, of the delight experienced by our travel-worn party, especially those who had never witnessed mountain scenery before. The great peaks which pierced the clouds, and hid their summits beyond; immense walls of rock that rose perpendicularly for a thousand feet or more, and often overhung our very heads; the roaring cataracts that leaped from bluffs away up the mountain sides and dashed themselves into foam and spray hundreds of feet below; the tiny streams from the melting snows coursing their way to the valley and looking so like silver ribbons laid crookedly upon the uneven surface of the mountains; the very clouds around us and the banks of snow within reach, and from which we grabbed handfuls to munch upon the way; the broad, solid, magnificent pike that has no equal upon the globe, winding its tortuous way around peaks and under crags and through tunnels and over bridges that cross great chasms that make one dizzy to see, and threads around solid stony promontories which we fancy have neither base or summit as we sit atop the diligences involuntarily clinging to anything within reach of our hands for fear of going over and being dashed to atoms a thousand feet below; the Swiss chalets perched almost among the clouds, with little patches of tilable soil around them that must be irrigated by the melting snows; the bright children running alongside our diligences holding up bright and delicate mountain flowers to exchange with us for pennies; the constant and varied change of scenery from grand to grander still, and the concluding ride down the mountain, combined to give us such a day of enjoyment as we have not had since leaving home. Our weariness

and hunger were forgotten, and sick people who insisted upon being propped up inside the diligences took on enthusiasm before the sun put its rays about us, and climbed on top to whoop and shout with the more robust. It was indeed a grand ride over Napoleon's wonderful road, and throughout its entire length we had to admire the genius and energy of the man whose brain conceived it, and at whose will it was constructed.

This letter was written in detachments, and is finished in Brieg, as I wait for a breakfast I shall certainly enjoy. We leave between ten and eleven o'clock, and during the day will have six hours more riding in diligences in the mountains.



LETTER XVIII.

From Brieg to Vernayaz—A Charming Hotel and a glorious rest—The Gorges of the Trent—A thunder storm on the mountains—A day's carriage ride over the Tete Noir Pass—First view of Mont Blanc and some famous Glaciers—Cold winds in August—An excursion to the Mer de Glace Glacier on mules and afoot—The ambitious toilers up Mont Blanc—Losing the biggest thing of the tour.

CHAMOUNIX, FRANCE, August 18, 1879.

I suspect it would be regarded by you as inexcusable if I failed to write you a letter from this place. I begin it sitting by my window in the *Hotel Palais de Cristal*, and through which I look out at Mont Blanc, which overshadows this little town. I closed my last letter at Brieg, in Switzerland, when about worn out with constant travel. That day we had only a short run in the cars to Vernayaz, where we stopped at a most delightful hotel in view of impressive scenery, and got a glorious rest. The day was cloudy and rain fell copiously during the two hours ride, so that instead of finding the valley of the Rhone, down which the road runs, a hot one, the air was so cool the more tender ones insisted upon closing the car windows, and when at rest in the hotel we easily imagined a fire would be comfortable. At night, when we retired, we nestled away down under the cover, dragging the pillows of down with us, and would not have fallen into a perspiration had the quantity of cover been doubled. We had been warned that we

should find it hot at Brieg and Vernayaz, and felt grateful that the clouds and rain had so timely favored us.

During the afternoon we spent the time in exclamations of delight at the surroundings, in visiting the Gorges of the Trent, and the ambitious cascade whose name it would not be polite to put in print, and promenading around and around the hotel we so much admired. The gorge, while it does not at all compare in extent and depth with the great Arkansas canyon, in Colorado, is nevertheless quite imposing, and the foot bridge which runs along its sides for a half a mile or more, upon spikes driven into the solid rock walls, crossing and recrossing the river at intervals, gives the tourist an opportunity to witness it which is not obtained at any gorge within our own country. And I may here say, that is one of the features of this country. Wherever there is any object at all striking in nature, the people, where it is at all possible, have devised means for reaching and seeing it to the best advantage. Aside from the bridge I have mentioned along the Gorge of Trent, from which you can not look out upon the sky above, owing to the overhanging cliffs which almost shut out the light of day, there is a substantial trail, well walled up, to the top of the mountain, so that a climb up there to gaze a thousand feet down into this chasm, cut through solid stone, is not an irksome one. At night, as we sat in our rooms writing to friends at home, there was a thunder storm on the mountain above us, and it was pleasant to hear the peals reverberating through the valley, and to have the lightning playing upon us through the windows. It was all the more enjoyable from the fact that we had not seen a cloud scarcely in parched and dusty Italy, and barely a drop of rain before that day since leaving drowned out England.

We were due here night before last, and for yesterday, (Sunday,) our programme has it "a day of rest among some of the most sublime mountain scenery in Europe," but the general sentiment was to come on here and have Monday for the sights mapped out for us. So, early in the morning, we climbed into nineteen of the peculiarly constructed carriages of this region, and retracing our steps along the Rhone as far as Martigney, plunged into the mountains and did some honest work durin^g

the day. We were to cross the range again, this time by the Tete Noir Pass, and had proceeded but a very short distance when the drivers very politely indicated that we must try Walker's line for a while, which all, except the few sick, the aged and the lazy ones of the party, very cheerfully did. The day was again cool, and the road free from dust, with an abundance of shade for the first two or three miles. As our caravan of vehicles and footmen strung out for miles along the winding road, and scattered about over the mountain side, taking by-paths and short-cuts up the gradual ascent, we met many of the Swiss cottagers going to church in the valley, which lay stretched out in a lovely panorama below. Chalets were dotted thickly along the less precipitous mountain sides, and the pleasant women and children swarmed the wayside, offering us tempting cherries, apricots, raspberries, strawberries, and goat's milk at moderate prices. By the aid of some of these the "little one" footed it nearly to the summit, after a trudge of six miles or more, and Miss Josie, with her fifteen summers and her lithe Yankee limbs, never rested till she was seated in the hotel at the summit devouring a saucer of strawberries and cream. We all like Josie, and hope she will survive the constant supervision she claims it is necessary to exercise over her excellent and devoted mother.

From Forclaz, upon the summit, until we reached the river Trent below, the descent was frightfully steep, passing now and then on the very brink of precipices that nearly took our breath to see, and once cutting a tunnel through the solid rock where a road bed could be obtained in no other way. At about three o'clock we took lunch at a hotel stuck into the cliffs, paying two francs for a very enjoyable meal of meat, milk, eggs and strawberries. From this point, continuing our journey downward, we finally left one stream, started up another, passed into France, swung around in a circle, climbed the summit of another range, and from that point could see the immense one of which Mont Blanc is a small part. Ahead of us lay peak after peak, mantled around their summits in unbroken sheets of snow, and as the winds came wafting from them, we did a little mantling ourselves in the way of getting inside of all the wraps we could

lay our hands upon. After we had passed down into the valley and were traveling down the river, we came alongside the Mont Blanc range and saw a few of the big glaciers of the Alps, two of which had crawled down to the very banks of the stream, carrying along their millions of tons of earth and snow. We had hoped to have a good view of the peaks of this range, but when fairly opposite them masses of miserable dark clouds dragged themselves across its face and shut out the view. We were particularly anxious to see Mont Blanc, and this accident greatly discouraged us, but all at once, and for a moment only, there came a great rift in the clouds, and there stood out grandly before us and high above us the Monarch of the Alps, its snow-white head illuminated by the sun, which had sunk, to us, behind the mountains on the right.

Arriving at this place and finding the hotels pretty well filled with tourists, we were again quartered about over the place, but all of us snugly located and pleased, except a very few chronic growlers whose chief aim seems to be to render themselves miserable and everybody else uncomfortable. This is a town made up of hotels, variety stores, the homes of guides, washer-women and owners of mules. I am afraid to state how many hotels the little place has, but I am sure I have seen nearly a dozen myself, and I have been around very little at that. The country is literally alive with tourists, and you see them everywhere, riding or trudging up and down the roads with alpenstocks in their hands. They are nearly as great a study as the country itself. I have no doubt that while the citizens are glad of an opportunity to make money out of them, they regard them as average idiots who ought to be caged at home. And in this category I can not think the Americans take a back seat.

This morning about half our party started on an excursion up the mountain called Mer de Glace, leaving the hotel on mules. Each was accompanied with an attendant, and as the odd-looking corteges filed through the streets I expressed a hearty wish that they could be seen in that rig by friends at home. It beat anything I have so far seen. It was better than a view of the Bay of Naples, or a sight of the scantily dressed Neapolitan urchins standing on their heads in front of our hotel

down there. I am sorry no lightning photographer was on hand to catch the picture and transfer it to card. It absolutely "beat bobtail." When the "little one" mounted the biggest mule in the lot—and they are all large—that animal jerked the skin on its back as though trying to rid itself of a pestiferous horsefly. During the journey, which will consume the day, there will be a two hour's climb over some glaciers, when all hands will have an opportunity of getting a real taste of the Alpine snows. As for myself, I concluded to "pass," and take the trip "second hand."

Two days ago three men started for the summit of Mont Blanc, having now spent two nights upon the mountain. This morning, by the aid of the immense telescope rigged in the yard of our hotel, we could see the flag flying at the upper station to indicate they had passed that point. At 8 o'clock the men themselves passed from behind a tall glacier, slowly toiling their way up, and apparently miles from the summit. One of them seemed to be exhausted, and was down very often. Later, they huddled together for a while, and then turned their steps down the mountain, evidently having abandoned the weary, weary tramp. I have been watching the mountain ever since, when not obscured by drifting clouds, and between running to the telescope, writing this letter and watching for clear intervals, I have had a mixed time of it. I think the letter would have gone to the bad entirely had not a cloud of hopeless blackness settled over Mont Blanc and shut out the view for the day. The last look I had showed me only two men working their way down, and five others, who started out yesterday, going up with miles of snow and hundreds of fissures before them. They tell me here that the summit is ten to twelve miles away in a direct line, and over thirty to the ambitious chap who goes up there. The ascent was once regarded as a remarkable feat, but now a great many perform it annually. For my own part I would rather sit here and gaze upon it while the river Arve goes dashing by under the balcony of my window. There is as much poetry and less toil and danger in "thus doing" Mont Blanc.

Since the above was written, the wanderers to the Mer de Glace (Sea of Ice) have returned, and have been putting me on the rack by assuring me I have lost the biggest thing of the tour. I am forever missing the biggest thing. I suppose they grow in size as we advance, and if we were to tramp around the globe and I should house up on the last day before making the circuit, I would then miss the very biggest thing. I am beginning to feel it is cruel to tantalize me in this way. The first thing they know I may rush wildly out and climb Mont Blanc. No, I won't either, for as I cast my eye upwards (I have been seated facing the old fellow that the slumbering poetical feelings may be aroused within me) I see a storm in progress towards the summit, and I know that the adventurous men already up there wish themselves safe down here in the valley.

To-morrow we leave early in a species of two story diligences, for Geneva, where we will spend two nights and a full day. We are getting ravenously hungry to see some more churches, and expect to appease the appetite at that city. I am going out now to hunt some more wraps and a hot brick for my cold feet. We warmed our hands on the hot plates at dinner time, and now I want to apply some caloric to my feet and back. If it keeps this cold much longer the ducks will begin to fly southward.



LETTER XIX.

A ride in two story diligences from Chamounix to Geneva—The splendid road along the river Arve—Small apples and William Tell—Eating in general—How American tourists clear the platter—Horse flies—Americans thick as bees in Geneva—Concert on the Grand Organ—Shopping—The result of the mule rides at Chamounix—Cafes and drinking—A sample of hotel keeping—A sick tourist—Charming Geneva.

GENEVA, SWITZERLAND, August 20, 1879.

On Tuesday morning the seventy-four (we have not yet lost a man) climbed by ladder into the lumbering two-story diligences and started over a pike one could not desire to better, for Geneva. The air was cool and bracing, and, as the horses struck off down the road, jingling the necklace of sleighbells around their necks, we wrapped our shawls and coats snugly around us to keep our bodies warm, forgetting that it was August, even though it were but a few days since leaving Italy. The road for the entire distance of fifty-four miles lies along the river Arve, and in many places the descent is quite rapid, which will give some idea of the difference in elevation between Chamounix and Geneva. The scenery along the route while not so grand, perhaps, as that through which we had been passing, and which lay around Chamounix, was still very beautiful in its more subdued character, and we had as much enjoyment from the ride as from any other since the one taken upon Napoleon's

road over the Simplon Pass. This road is as near perfect, I would imagine, as it can be, and it only wanted the wilder mountain scenery, and the more difficult region of the other to create the same amount of admiration for it. It is a Government road, and the mails, the express, the telegraph and the diligences which pass over it are all in charge of and conducted, like clock-work, by the Government. As I understand it, these are not separate bureaus, but all combined, the "Poste" carrying you, or your letters, or your trunk, or sending your telegram at moderate rates, and with careful and certain dispatch.

After traveling some ten miles, the valley widens out, and the mountain slopes become more gentle, so they are tillable to a great height, thus giving a breadth of territory, in a high state of cultivation, from two to five miles in width. The road is studded with the brown Swiss cottages of every variety in construction, and lined with fruit trees so closely overhanging the road that you can pluck the fruit sitting in your seat in the diligence as it goes whirling by. The fruit is of an indifferent character, the pears being small and the apples both small and imperfectly formed. Since seeing the apples of Switzerland I entertain a greater respect for the marksmanship of Tell than I ever did, even when a boy, as I gazed in breathless wonder upon the picture of his son calmly standing with an apple upon his head as big as a two pound turnip. If the apples of to-day are a fair sample of those of Tell's time, I don't see how he could have sent an ordinary sized arrow through one on his boy's head without lifting a little of the scalp.

The plumbs were so sour they doubled us up like a rainbow when we were foolish enough to eat them, but the cherries and raspberries we found delicious. Being on matters of diet, I would say that the milk and honey of Switzerland are what capture the hungry tourist, and I have seen members of our party almost throw waiters into spasms by the way they have scooped into the dishes of honey. But we have some awful eaters in the crowd, and the rapidity with which a big cake of pudding or a pyramid of ice cream will disappear, after being started along the line, is one of the sights of the town. Each waiter has his own territory at the table marked out upon the floor,

and as they begin at the end, I have watched the countenances of those sitting well down the line and noted the look of anxiety as the big eaters plunged into the coming dish, and finally the one of despair when the contents of the dish entirely disappeared long before it reached them. At Chamounix as we were closing dinner, a large dish of pudding started down the line towards me, there being a lady on my right, and myself within the bounds of that bailiwick. The pudding got along very well and was only half consumed when it reached the two ladies on my left, when, with a full scoop from each they cleaned the platter. It was such a case of gluttony that even the polite and well drilled waiter could not suppress his laughter, but went off in a painful quiver to hunt some more pudding with which to serve me and my unfortunate neighbor. At Vernayaz a dish of fishes was started along by a waiter without the precaution of cutting them into respectable pieces. The two first chaps who had a pull at the dish, each took out a whole fish large enough to pull an ordinary man off a mill dam, if alive and hooked to his line, when the waiter deliberately sat the dish down, and then and there cut up what remained. It may be that our party are an exception to the average American tourist abroad, and that few such gourmands could be found in an equal number, but I fear not. The piggishness of Americans is a subject of just criticism on the part of Europeans. I often look at some of our party eating, and wonder where in the deuce they stow away the piles of provender they heap upon their plates. From what I have seen over here I am convinced that Americans eat at least double the quantity that is eaten by the residents of this country, not even excepting England.

The chief discomfort of the ride to Geneva were clouds of horse flies that swarmed around our horses and gathered in banks upon their necks and bodies. It annoyed both the passengers and the horses. Some of the ladies felt so sorry for the animals they insisted every now and then upon the driver stopping the diligence and brushing the flies, which, of course, he declined doing. The passengers in the diligence which fell to my lot, were afflicted through the efforts of a famous singer of the party—a very large old bachelor, from Maine, inexhausti-

ble in wind and limb—who pinioned us on the rack and kept us suffering there through half of the ride. He fancies he is well up in the peculiar trill of the Swiss mountaineers, and the doses that he poured into our ears, interlarded with ancient home songs such as “Uncle Ned,” “Ole Virginny,” and the like, came near being the end of some of us. I am real sorry there was not a phonographer along that we might have preserved and brought home these charming efforts amidst this Alpine scenery.

We passed from France into Switzerland a few miles before the end of our journey, and drove up to our hotel in handsome Geneva at four o'clock in the afternoon, with Mont Blanc still in plain view, forty miles away, to remind us of the misguided Bostonian who fell down into the icy gorge not long since, and whose body now lies frozen and stiff beyond the reach of human hands.

A fete which began yesterday was in progress and the city was in gay attire, decorated with imposing arches of flowers and evergreens, and bright colored flags and banners. But it does not take these to render Geneva attractive. At night, with its myriads of lights on the quay and on the bridges crossing the clear, blue river, which cuts it in two, the lovely scene is sure to win you from the hotel for a stroll over the city. And if you suffer yourself to go into the alluring shops, you are pretty sure to come out with your ready cash greatly diminished. We find Americans here as thick as bees, and at almost any reasonable hour of the day they may be seen crowding about shop windows and discussing what they will buy. It is truly wonderful how many things Americans purchase while in Europe. Some of them spend one half of their time in prowling around and into shops. It is no doubt a pleasant way of spending their spare time. I do considerable of it myself, and I must confess it is by no means an unpleasant thing to do.

A concert on the grand organ in the Cathedral of St. Peter's was given to-day to the members of our section, which perhaps two-thirds of them attended and enjoyed, going thence to the museum, but I preferred striking out on my own hook, strolling over the city, standing on the bridges looking down into

the lovely water to see the trout dashing by, watching the rows of washer-women in the small houses out in the stream washing clothes in water which is always clean, and taking my turn worrying the shop keepers.

Coming back to the hotel at 3 o'clock I find myself very tired, but not quite so badly used up as were many of the ladies, who had the fun of riding mules up and down the mountain at Chamonix. "Oh my poor back!" is a common expression just now, and I don't have near so many tantalizing me for staying at home that day. The "pharmacie" stores have done a lively little trade in plasters and salves since our arrival here, and I am real sorry to hear more than one Mer de Glace excursionist attributing their ills to the hard seats in the diligences yesterday. I think I never saw a party who had such a quiet, subdued way of sitting down, even upon the most unexceptionable sofa. But to see big sights, such as the Mer de Glace glaciers, one must suffer in the flesh now and then. So it is what I have heard and seen this day which makes me no longer regret that I lost the biggest thing of the tour when I stayed in my room at Chamonix, watching the adventurous men toiling up and down Mont Blanc.

The country is full of cafes, and Geneva comes in for a full share. Their patrons mostly sit on the pavement in front of them, and often in such crowds that passing pedestrians must leave the side-walk and take the middle of the street. Last night a party of us had to flank them so often in a street facing the river that we moved into a street further back to avoid the maneuver. Next to Venice, Geneva stands ahead in this respect. In St. Mark's Square, in Venice, there were places where one can barely pass at all between the hours of 8 and 10 P. M. But the drinks are mild ones and not indulged in to excess. I have seen but one intoxicated person since the jostling I got in the street at Glasgow. Some one said that one of the drivers coming over the Simplon Pass had too much, but I am assured it was forced upon him by persons in the diligence anxious to accelerate the speed of the horses. I believe they regretted the experiment, as a driver over that route should be wide awake and in the full possession of his senses. Our own

people, if they were so disposed, could learn a useful lesson in the matter of dram drinking from the people on the continent of Europe.

Last night we had a sample of hotel keeping in Europe. About three o'clock, the three in our room were aroused by a member of the party, who had been violently taken ill, in search of medicine to give him some relief. He had played a horn-pipe on the electric bell for half an hour, and getting no answer, and fearing he would die alone in his room, began groping about over the house seeking midicine from his fellow voyagers. In this way he fell upon our room. We then took a little dance on our bell, in the vain hope that we might produce a different sound, and awake a porter or a chambermaid somewhere; but for all the good we accomplished we had as well blown a whistle into the ears of a dead man. One of my room mates remembering that his mother had the very specific needed, took a candle (they even turn off the gas in the halls at 12) and sough her room. In doing so he was hailed by a lady boarder, who had also been practicing upon the bell to see if she could not obtain a nurse for her child, who had a broken nose and who had fretted so long the anxious mother was nearly worn out. But half an hour later I dropped to sleep, with the faint sound of the persevering woman's bell jingling in my ears from the depths below. My room mate industriously sought to find some one connected with the house, but was unsuccessful. What would be thought of a first-class American hotel in which such a thing could occur? But one of these days I want to write a little paragraph on European hotels, not all bad, and I'll reserve further comments for that occasion.

The attempt to take our picture in the Roman Forum resulted in an utter failure. The combined scenery was too much for the man's instrument and so strained it that all of us resembled a gang of twisted-mouthed monkeys squinting at the sun. But he fixed us under the Porter's gallery in the court-yard of the Hotel Costanzi, and the result has just reached us here in the shape of very questionable photographs of a jumbled up set of tourists.

To-morrow we leave early by the steamer on Lake Geneva for Chillon and sundry other places too tedious to mention. If I could only stop long enough to take a good fish and had permission to hook a few trout I would be satisfied. But I guess I will have to wait till I come home and try my hand in the waters of the State of Mississippi.



LETTER XX.

Fire at Geneva and primitive fire engines—Crowds of tourists—Leaving Geneva by steamer for Chillon—The dead prisoner Bonivard and the famous Castle—Handsome Lake Geneva and picturesque surroundings—Blunted enthusiasm—An anecdote of a Montana friend—Arrival at Fribourg and stay there for the night—Concert—The famous tree—On the Thun—On the Interlaken—A lovely place—Excursions to Lauterbrunnen and Grindelwald—The first Alpine Horn—Saw mills—Wrestling Tournament—Music and flowers everywhere.

INTERLAKEN, SWITZERLAND, August 24, 1879.

They had a fire at Geneva the last evening of our stay there. Being near the hotel some of us went to see it, and witnessed about as primitive an arrangement for subduing the raging element as it has ever been our fortune to see. The engines looked as though the pattern had been gotten out when the Alps had been created, and were capable of throwing a stream large enough to supply one thirsty ox till his thirst was quenched. The fire was raising a little racket near the roof of the building, and a fellow ran through the house and lowered a rope out of the window by which to haul up the hose. After some industrious pumping they finally got the water to flow up there about the time the fire had been extinguished by the aid of a few buckets and a little stamping round. But there is not much necessity for a fire department in any part of Europe that

I have seen. There is so little wood about the buildings it would even be difficult to set them on fire. One sees very few evidences in all his travels anywhere of the ravages of an element which is a source of such constant anxiety and loss to the people in our own country.

We could not buy out Geneva or even kick up a stir there. The supply of music boxes, watches, jewelry, carved woodwork, and the like is inexhaustible, apparently, and there are so many English and American tourists crowding about its streets that the sight of a few extra ones does not strike the citizens as anything unusual. In nearly every shop there is some one who can speak a spattering of English sufficiently to make shopping less difficult. We have always found, in every place, our efforts to get something off the marked price the hardest thing for them to comprehend. In Italy this was a matter of somé importance as there they generally ask at least half as much more than they expect to get for an article, but in Switzerland they charge only a little more in the first place than they are willing to take. So we left Geneva between six and seven o'clock in the morning by one of the swift little steamers which ply between the cosy towns that lie nestled along the banks of Lake Geneva, and sped away to Chillon, making landings to put off and take on passengers with the speed of a railroad train, and to the very minute as fixed by the time table. Each landing was announced before reaching it by hanging up a large sign with the name of the place upon it. The towns are very thick and consequently the landings were numerous.

At Nyon there is a castle, built in the twelfth century, and noted more for its connection with the Bonaparte family than for its imposing appearance or anything very striking in its history. We could not learn that any one had been starved to death in its dungeons (if it has any), or that any one's head had been chopped off with a dull cleaver within its walls, so we had no disposition to disembark and go through it. But we took to the shore at Chillon, leaving our luggage at the boat, which went to the end of the lake a few miles further on, and walked three-quarters of a mile to the castle, which would be known to but few only for Byron's poem touching the prisoner who

was confined there, and who spent six years of his life chained to one of the pillars of the dungeon—a man by the name of Bonivard—dead now—whose ambitious maneuvers did not please the cruel Duke of Savoy. Why the Duke did not whack off his head and be done with it, even tradition does not tell. We were shown all over the extensive place, and saw where Bonivard wore the stone pavement in his long tramp around the pillars ; the place where obstreperous prisoners were stretched up and their feet toasted to keep them warm in the cold, damp cells ; the room with the inclined platform covered with knives, and upon which culprits were dropped through a trap door and made into sausage meat before rolling off into the lake in convenient bits of food for fishes ; and the large rooms, with their immense fire places, for the revellers, and the apartments of the ladies, who were attached to these lordly cut-throats, overlooking the lake and the Alps beyond. We saw the name of Byron, Eugene Sue, Victor Hugo, and others, carved on the dungeon pillars, and inspected the curious chapel in which the villainous Dukes played the hypocrite by making a show of religion. Returning to the town, we awaited the arrival of the boat, and then returned to Lausanne, where we took cars for Fribourg.

If there is a more handsome lake in the world than Lake Geneva I want to go and see it, and see no more lakes. I regard it as absolutely enchanting, its entire length, the more abrupt mountains upon one side, with occasional glimpses of Mont Blanc, and the gradual slopes upon the other, covered with fields of green and ripening grain, and thousands of vineyards with their numerous cottages and neat villages, with many large hotels and handsome residences, their picturesque yards running down to the beach, constitute a picture rare to see. Still, some of our people dozed and slept on the way. We have become surfeited with beautiful scenery, and while we went into ecstacies over our ride upon the lakes in the Scottish Highlands, and exhausted the adjectives in our letters home describing what we saw, we now often look languidly at what is around us and feel no enthusiasm when we write about it. I remember during the Centennial year traveling the Hudson

with two batchelor friends, one of whom had come in from the mountains of Montana after a residence of ten years amid its superb scenery, and who sat upon his stool on the steamer and slept two-thirds of the way from New York to Albany. The thing made me so mad I could hardly enjoy the trip. I shook the fellow up several times and told him he had better go home and go to bed; that it looked ridiculous that he should stage it over 500 miles to a railroad and then travel 2,000 miles to sleep in an uncomfortable position going up the Hudson. Every time I did so he would gaze up and around him in a sleepy way, and with a contemptuous twitch of his face and a provoking shrug of the shoulders, drop back into his doze, muttering complaints at my disturbing him. The tame mountains of the Hudson could not arouse his interest so soon after leaving the imposing Rockies.

We reached Fribourg at 8 o'clock. As we drove up to the hotel we were greeted by the strains from a big band of about forty pieces, playing to a large crowd under the trees in the open square, and we had this music floating in at the windows as we partook of our late and acceptable dinner. The next morning a concert was given for our benefit on Switzerland's best organ. When we went into the Cathedral high mass was in progress for some departed member of the church. This being over the people took their departure and the organist at once opened out upon his programme of six pieces. I marked my comments on each piece as it was played, and opposite the first I have written the word "buster," a slangy phrase, but fully expressing the character of the music. I was fearful at one time, it would lift off the roof of the church. A thunder storm in progress, with three hundred empty wagons dashing down a stony street, and a few healthy avalanches crashing down the mountain sides, would convey an idea of the roar of the organ in that selection. The third and a portion of the last were in the same order, and it evidently took so much wind to get up this breeze, I would not have been surprised to find the citizens short of air and gasping for breath had I gone out into the street. But the other selections were mild and gentle, and were played with a skill that pleased the ears of all and won the

admiration of the musicians of the party. After the concert we went to see the two suspension bridges of the place, not remarkable in comparison with our bridges at home, except that one of them is very high, and is attached to the mountains it connects without piers. Fribourg has a population about equally divided between French and German, who live in different parts of the place.

Every visitor to Fribourg is taken to see a famous tree they have there. The story is that two hundred years, or more, ago, at a time a big battle was in progress, a wounded soldier came reeling up to the commander of one of the opposing armies and brought the news of a victory. As soon as he had conveyed the joyful intelligence he fell and expired at the foot of a small tree. Since then this tree has been held in the highest veneration. It is very decrepid and is supported in many places by marble columns and props. Just now a vigorous young shoot has come up through the hollow trunk of the old tree, and the citizens are rejoiced at the idea that they will not lose the great memento.

At noon we took the train for Thun, on the small lake of that name, and were transferred to a steamer which carried us to the other extremity. Here we climbed into double-decked cars and were brought to this place at five o'clock. Lake Thun is more beautiful, if possible, than Lake Geneva, and Interlaken is charming. It is one mass of elegant hotels and attractive shops. The yards in front of the hotels are ablaze with rare and beautiful flowers, enlivened by fountains that are fed by the melting snows upon the mountains overlooking the town. There are swarms of tourists here. The big hotels are reaping a rich harvest. The Kursaal, not inferior perhaps to that at Weisbaden in its palmiest days, is crowded at night with people who sit listening to the music of the band, second only to one or two others in Europe, and enjoying their ices and harmless drinks. There is music almost everywhere. All sorts of bands visit the hotels and play in the parlors, depending upon the liberality of guests for compensation. On the night of our arrival, the tedium of a hungry caravan waiting for a late dinner was relieved by the appearance in the big parlor of three Ty-

rolean warblers, two men and one handsome girl, dressed in their gaudy costume, who treated us with some exquisite music. Their music took the house by storm. And last night while passing, I saw a juvenile band, composed of boys and girls, in full blast at one of the hotels. The little leader, with his fiddle, was standing upon a chair and burlesquing an excitable conductor. He was vociferously applauded by his spectators.

Yesterday morning the party made an excursion in carriages to Lauterbrunnen and afterwards to Grindelwald, which occupied the day till five o'clock. In each case the road lay up a narrow valley between abrupt mountains covered with snow, and the scenery was equal to any we have seen in Switzerland. At the former place we visited the Staubbach Falls and saw them take their seven hundred feet leap from an overhanging ledge away up the mountain side, and at the latter many of us climbed the glacier and got up an appetite that was hard to appease.

During this trip we saw and heard our first Alpine horn. Going up a steep ascent, where many of us got out to walk, we heard ahead of us an occasional toot that resounded and reverberated through the valley, and at last, at a sharp turn in the road, came upon the source of the fuss in the shape of an infamous wooden trumpet about ten feet long, slightly curled up at the large end similar to the bowl of a pipe standing say at an angle of forty-five degrees from the stem. It was about three inches in diameter at the small end and eight at the other, and bound together after the fashion of a wine cask. When we reached this delectable instrument one end of it was resting on a stone by the roadside and the other was placed to the mouth of a harmless looking idiot, who with distended eyes and cheeks, and veins in face and neck that looked as though they would burst with an additional pound of pressure, was endangering his life by trying to torture us out of a few *centissimi*. I have often heard of a person's eyes "bugging" out, but I never fully realized the meaning of it till I saw this Swiss chap straining to get music out of an Alpine horn. Farther along we came to a little fellow worrying with one, and the effort struck us as so hazardous to the life and happiness of the boy that he reaped no mean harvest of coppers that day. The effort to

hold up the cumbersome instrument, and get a noise out of it, struck us as calculated to cripple him for life, and we felt it well to begin an endowment fund for his benefit. If a powerful air machine had been at work pumping wind into his cheeks they could not have puffed out worse than they did as he stood there by the roadside heaving away, with his protruding eyes painfully cast towards the carriages in mute appeals for succor. But we got plenty of this thing during the day, the performer being located, sometimes, where the echo and re-echo were quite effective. I would guess that some of these ponderous things, when moved, are put upon wheels, and that they are carted from point to point, including the long, funnel shaped box into which the large ends of some of them are inserted to increase the volume of their noise.

The roadside was lined with girls knitting lace, sitting bare-headed in the sun, and who offered the product of their labors at low prices, and the occupants of the carriages were besieged by the women and little girls who held up milk, cherries and flowers for sale. At one place where there were two miles of steep ascent ahead of us, a whole gang of boys rushed out, each with a brush of green bushes in one hand and a three-sided block of wood in the other. The block they hung on one side of the carriage to be used as a "chock" when we stopped to let the horses "blow," and then began killing flies upon the horses. In this manner they went a long way up the hill with us, when they stopped and held out their hats for pay, backed up by the impudent demand of the drivers in their behalf. And this is one of the thousand and one devices to extort money from tourists.

We passed many saw-mills on the way. The water power is excellent, but the mills are of primitive design and construction. I would guess that in summer time, when the days are at the longest, they might saw up one log a day if all the power was turned on and the mill put to its full capacity. The sawyer can very easily wait upon the mill and work in his crop at the same time, the former making calls upon him just about often enough to rest him by varying the labor. I presume when he has no work to do in the fields he can set the saw and go home

and split the kindling, or help his wife peel the potatoes, while it is slowly hunting the other end of the log.

I had gotten just this far when I was called to the front window by blasts from a band of music, and on looking out saw a procession from one canton marching by on its way to the ground where they have their wrestling matches. In front were the straggling boys, then the band; next, three men dressed in acrobatic costumes, carrying ancient war maces; a man attired as a bear; seven sheep ornamented with wreaths of evergreens, led by boys; a straggling body of countrymen; and, bringing up the rear, a dozen or more athletes in proper attire for the coming contest. Sunday as it was, the sight was too much for me, and I rushed out to go and see the thing done, but a game foot prevented my walking, and I gave it up. I understand that often as many as four hundred men from various cantons collect here and engage in these wrestling contests, nearly every one and his family going to witness them.

The season for tourists in Switzerland is fast drawing to a close, and a week from now they will begin to turn their faces homeward. To give you an idea of the great number now here, I will state that during our drive yesterday, we met and passed one hundred and eleven vehicles containing visitors, with an average of four persons to each, and this did not include our own caravan. This afternoon we leave this place, after a delightful sojourn, for another portion of the mountains—all of us except one young man taken sick at Geneva, and who must be left here to recover, renewed in health and spirits. We have almost forgotten the heat and dust and fleas of Italy and Naples, and hope to entirely forget them before we sail for home.

LETTER XXI.

Return to Berne and the Bear Pits—Departure for Interlaken—On Lake Brienz—Geissbach Falls and the magnificent hotel there—Illumination of the Falls at night—Sunday night concert—Across Lake Brienz and a carriage ride over Brunig Pass—A comparison of the four Passes—Lake Lucerne—A night upon the Alps—Dizzy ride up there—Sunrise on the Alps—Trouble over the Alpine horn—Righi Kulm Tour of the Lake and a visit to the spot where Tell sent the arrow through the small apple—Why we like Switzerland—Loss of life among the glaciers.

LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND, August 26, 1879.

The “little one” wrote a part of a letter to her mother the other day—she is not guilty of writing a full letter often—and in describing our journey from Pisa to Milan left out Genoa entirely, not even mentioning the Campo Santo there, where may be seen, in my humble estimation, the finest statuary, by very great odds, in all Europe. Well, I think I did the same thing to you in my letter from Interlaken, when I jumped from Fribourg to that place, and omitted to say one word about Berne, the Capital of Switzerland. I merely go back and refer to it now to show we did not neglect it, but that we stopped there three-quarters of an hour, and saw the big clock perform, and went out to the bear pits and got gloriously taken in by three old spavined and dilapidated bears, with barely enough energy in them to eat a square meal if they had a chance.

Leaving Interlaken Sunday afternoon by cars, we soon reached Lake Brienze, where a steamer was in waiting to carry us to Geissbach Falls, at which place we spent the night. From the landing the greater number of our party were carried up to the hotel in the cars on the inclined plane, which has been erected at much cost within the last year, while some of them exercised their limbs by walking, and a couple got lost. The hotel at Geissbach is perhaps the finest one in Switzerland. Its location would seem to justify the greater outlay of money in its erection. The view it commands is, in many respects, the most attractive we have seen in this country where tame views are the exception. Below lies the beautiful lake, walled in by mountains, stretching back upon one side to Interlaken and nearly meeting the one beyond, and on the other turning gently to the right until it seems to end in the very midst of imposing peaks. Above comes dashing down the falls in a succession of startling leaps, as though the waters would dash into the very windows of the house, and with a roar that becomes agreeable after a while and lulls you to sleep when you retire for the night.

The hotel was crowded, and three of us occupied a large room twenty-four steps above all the other floors in the centre dome of the building, the English-speaking chambermaid assuring us that we might consider ourselves lucky in getting No. 218, as it afforded the best view, while many of the guests occupied cots in obscure rooms, and the servants were sleeping about on the floor. But at dinner that night and breakfast the next morning, we were expeditiously served by pretty Swiss girls, all neatly dressed in the fancy costume of the country. I don't know that the viands were any better than we have been indulging in along the route, but our people seemed to enjoy them to a greater extent. Here we met, for the first time, a set of people who could do more staring than we have been guilty of, and the thing becomes so marked and ill-bred that a few of us met it by borrowing all the eye-glasses within reach, and deliberately rising in our seats at the table and grotesquely squinting at the more obnoxious ones at the other tables. That proceeding about squelched them. If it had not we would

probably have resorted to some other device more effective. At half-past 9 that night, upon the ringing of the bell, we assembled on the piazzas and the amphitheater to witness the illumination of the falls. Two rockets were sent up the mountain, which spent their force and exploded far short of the upper cascade, when there burst upon our vision a most bewitching scene as, one after another, all the cascades flashed into a blaze of red, green and blue, and came down the mountain as if so much colored liquid fire. Seen in places through the pines which partially obscured the falls, and which took on the colors thrown upon the water, the effect was pleasing in the extreme. Many tourists ran over to Geissbach from Interlaken and the villages along the banks, to witness the illumination and return after it is over. Later, there was a concert in the reception room, and some of those who can't hold a foot still when music is going, were about to go upon the floor and pitch into a waltz, when they were reminded it was still the Sabbath day, even though in Switzerland, where that day does not worry them more than any other.

The next morning, after breakfast and a ride down the dizzy incline, we took a steamer and crossed the lake to Brienz, where we were loaded into carriages and driven over the Brunig Pass, which our own unpretentious itinerary tells us is, in some respects, ahead of the others we had seen. Perhaps had we crossed it first we would have thought so ourselves, but, as it is, we call in question the authority quoted. But, crossing the Alps four times in about that many weeks, is calculated to deaden our appreciation for the scenery they present, and I am not prepared to question that, had we seen the Brunig Pass first, we may have accorded it the palm. My conviction is that the Simplon beats them all, though the Tete Noir is not far behind. We saw each end of the road leading over the St. Bernard Pass, and at Grindelwald I put my arms around the neck of the famous mammoth St. Bernard dog that made a stir at Paris and was laden with premiums there, but we gave the pass the go-by, and will re-read Bulwer when we go home.

Reaching Lake Lucerne, or "Lake of the Four Cantons," as they call it here, we again took steamer for Lucerne, having

passed, during our carriage drive, two small lakes nestling among the mountains, and whose waters gave out an emerald green in the noon-day sunshine. On reaching Lucerne we were delayed nearly an hour, waiting for a steamer to carry us to Vitznau, the one that was to have taken us having already gone. It was but three-quarters of an hour's run over there, but the sun's rays were only seen on the tallest peaks when we reached Vitznau and took the cars up the frightful ascent which leads to the summit of Righi Kulm. It had been planned that we should get there in time to see the sun set, but, as that luminary did not behave excellently well in its concluding performances, and, as night shut out the frightful views in our first ride up towards the moon, it was well enough the delay occurred. We could hardly have gone up there in broad daylight except under a tremor of agitation from the beginning to the end. As we ascended the atmosphere gradually grew colder, and when, at last, after an hour and a half of honest shivering, we stepped out of the cars into a cold, dense cloud, we felt that winter was fast approaching, and would not have been surprised on seeing ice in our rooms. We went in to dinner at nine, and finished at ten, went to bed in the monster hotel, crowded with people, dreading the sounds of the Alpine horn that was to awake us on the morrow to see the sun rise over the Alps.

I go fishing occasionally when at home, and that I may awake early for a good start, I set the alarm of the clock upon the hour I want to get out of bed. The next morning I generally catch myself awake, listening for the thing to go off. So it was with that awful Alpine horn. I awoke before its miserable tooting resounded through the corridors of the hotel. I guess the late dinner—and I may add the hearty one—had given me the night mare, for I had kicked off the stubby feather bed they use in this country for covering, and was about half frozen. Getting up to re-adjust my chunk of feathers, I looked out the window, and the clouds around looked so unpropitious I hoped the ceremony of arousing the guests would be omitted, and that I might fall into a more peaceful slumber. I had some difficulty making up my mind how to utilize the feathers. I put the package across my lower extremities, and that left my

body exposed. I then brought it up to my neck, and my legs felt the night breeze. I put it across the centre of my body, and consequently took a chill at both ends. Finally I compromised the matter by curling up like a grub worm and getting entirely under the thing. I had barely accomplished the feat when I heard the faint sounds of the horn in the adjoining hotel, and in less than five minutes thereafter it burst loose in the halls around us, and aroused the soundest sleeper of them all. To add to the noise many of us jumped out of bed, and, opening our doors, yelled to the top of our voices. Not even one of the Seven Sleepers could have slumbered in that fuss. It was very different from the scene I had read an entertaining account of in the London Telegraph a few days before. The able writer was talking about Englishmen, I presume, for he spoke of this uncomfortable morning proceeding as being a quiet and sombre one. There was nothing quiet about our party from first to last, for we got out upon the highest point of Rigi Kulm in all sorts of garbs, and toilets in every stage of completion compatible with respectability and the Norwegian blasts that whistled about us. We astonished the two or three hundred other tourists around us with our clatter.

When we first came out the sky was overcast with dark looking clouds, and the prospect was discouraging, but as the hour for sunrise approached the clouds immediately overhead dissolved into thin mist and gradually floated away, while a long line opened just above the horizon on the east, through which old Sol cast his rays upon the fleecy billows in the west and gave us the first promise of a glorious feast. Gradually he painted and tinted cloud after cloud, illuminated the entire heavens in gorgeous hues of mellow and ever changing colors. Then, with a gentle brush, he touched up the snow-capped peaks of the Burnese Alps, moving slowly down their sides and lighting up the deep valleys and dark gorges in his progress till there lay out before us a picture the memory of which we will carry to the grave. I have seen more sublime illumination of the heavens from my own gallery in Vicksburg, looking westward, in the afternoon after a summer shower, by far, than I have seen in this brief tour in Europe, and I apprehend it would be the

same if I lived even in "sunny Italy" to the end of my days; but here, on Righi Kulm, where the effect is aided by a panorama of a thousand peaks, lying within a circle of three hundred miles, and where the beauties are outlined to a greater extent upon the mountains than upon the sky, it is merely true to say that I have seen nothing in all my life to compare to it. Once, standing in a pass over one of the tall ranges in South-western Colorado, looking towards the Rockies in Utah, I was nearly dazed with the grandeur of the view, but in that case the sky was clear and the scene was unaided by pictures in the heavens, as the sun sank to rest for the day. So we were fortunate in our visit to Righi Kulm, as we have been fortunate in all our trip through Switzerland. Perhaps no one has had greater luck in this respect than have we.

After an early breakfast we came down the mountain and nearly held our breath as we crossed the deep gorges or ran near the edge of a precipice. A few of us took a steamer and came back direct to this place, the others making a circular tour of the lake and returning here in the afternoon. They passed by spots pointed out as places where Gessler and Tell figured, and landing once walked two miles to the ground where Tell stood when he knocked the pigmy Swiss apple off the head of the faithful boy—a boy who should be awarded the larger share of the honor. I said if there was a more handsome lake than Lake Geneva I wanted to see it and quit. Well, I have seen Lake Lucerne and close the chapter. I do not see how its superior in loveliness can exist.

To-night we attend another concert, and to-morrow start for Paris, stopping a few hours at Bale to see some more churches to mix with the mountains and the lakes. I shall depart from enchanting Switzerland with feelings of great regret. Our stay has been one continual pleasure feast. We like Switzerland ever so much. We like her for her pure mountain air; her exquisite scenery and ruddy-cheeked, brown-armed women; the honest-looking, cheerful faces we see; the politeness and kindness we meet on every hand; her lovely lakes mirroring back the mountain and the clouds above them, and her clear, pure water that comes dashing down into the green and fertile

valleys from the eternal snows of the Alps. All these give a charm to Switzerland, and under it no wonder that her frugal people can find no other home which pleases them so well.

I was mistaken about the young Bostonian having lost his life on Mont Blanc a few days prior to our visit to Chamounix. It was on the Matterhorn where he fell a victim to his adventurous spirit. And on the same day a guide, who could not resist the big fee, and who attempted to conduct a party when he was ailing, died alone and unattended at the rude station on the same mountain. Since leaving Chamounix, however, a tourist fell down one of the glaciers near where our party ascended, and his body was recovered the next day hundreds of feet below, bruised and lacerated in the most shocking manner. I would much rather take a comfortable position and admire from afar the glaciers of Mont Blanc, the Matterhorn, the Wetterhorn, Mer de Glace, and the hundreds of others we have seen, than to go climbing, and scratching, and digging my way up their treacherous snows and icy sides, liable at any moment to slip, only to find a stopping place, a shapeless mass, a thousand feet down some frightful chasm that never sees the light of day. The more modest tramps satisfy my ambition, with much less probability that an untimely death in Switzerland will require an early settlement of my estate.

LETTER XXII.

Leaving Luzerne—Good-bye Switzerland—The last look at the Alps—Halt at Bale—Protestant Church there and its curious clock faces—Buying Ribbons—A pleasant all night ride in the cars—Arrival in Paris—What we saw there and the many places of note we visited—The French we learned in the Omnibusses—Leaving Europe with many longings, and yearnings to come again—Some of our party left behind.

PARIS, SEPTEMBER 1, 1879.

As I wrote you we would do, we left Lucerne Wednesday morning and soon put the beautiful lakes and mountains of Switzerland behind us. Now and then as we sped on our journey, peaks that had been familiar to us in our short stay among them would come into view for a moment or so, and it was so natural to wave our hands towards them as though bidding farewell to cherished friends who stood watching our departure. Still, we could not see a single change in the cold face of the immovable Jungfrau as we looked upon her in the distance for the last time before darting into a long tunnel that led to a valley from which we saw the mountains no more. It is well these mountains can not have feelings like human beings, for in the event they could have they would be continually in painful sympathy with loving friends taking their eternal leave. I am glad it is all the same to Jungfrau whether we laugh or whether we cry under the shadow of her snow-capped head, and I love

her just as though I could see the cold tears streaming down her face because I have turned my back upon her and my face towards the sea.

We changed cars at Bale, and staid there four hours before we took the express train for an all night's ride to Paris. Of course we went to see the Protestant Church there. It does not come up to many of the Cathedrals we have visited, but it is put down in the guide books of our party as the finest Protestant Church in existence, and the museum connected with it has many rare and curious relics, some of them very old. Among them is the face of an ancient clock tower once overlooking the town across the river Rhine, and put up there to make faces at the people over the way, with whom the Bale folks had had a little falling out and for whom they desired to express their contempt in this way. The indignant dwellers over the Rhine got up a counter mouth maker, and thus the people were happy in being able to make ugly faces at their neighbors by proxy. They differed from many folks of the present time in that they did not make faces behind each other's backs, but stood out fairly and squarely and did their grinning openly and above board. Only one of those curious pieces of mechanism has been preserved. That one will run out its long, red tongue, and roll its eyes at you as you go looking at the other curiosities in the room in which it hung. Well, it was a harmless way of venting spleen, and it is a pity more persons in those days did not resort to it.

The organ was the handsomest one we had seen, and we had a desire to hear it play, but the organist had the key in his pocket and he could not be found. The city was very clean, reminding us of some of the towns in Holland, and the streets appeared almost deserted. Ribbons constitute one of the chief products of the place, and are cheap there. It would have amused you to see the "little one," and another lady with a weakness for bright neckties, going hurriedly through two large basketsful of remnants in search of the pretty patterns, while in mortal fear the train would go off and leave them a mile away. If you have ever seen an active old hen with one chicken in a pile of loose straw, scratching vigorously for a runaway bug,

you may form a mild conception of the manner in which they made the pieces fly. The girl who waited on them spoke Hot-tentot to us, and we jabbered Potawotamie to her, and in our efforts to make each other understand, increased the chances of being left behind. After buying a few pieces which proved to be not near so pretty as many that were cast aside, we darted out of the shop and fairly ran to the hotel to find on gettiug there that we had a full half hour to spare.

And this was our last transaction in Switzerland, for in less than two hours we had crossed into France and were huddled up in the depot on the border with our hand luggage waiting for the revenue officers to see if we intended smuggling a ton or so of cigars into the French Republic. The examination, as all others in our case have been, was a mere formal affair, and the talismanic chalk mark was placed upon many of our packages without any inspection whatever. The fact that we are a party of American tourists may do away with any suspicion that we might be lugging around contraband goods as a matter of speculation. Our night ride was not uncomfortable. The conductor had succeeded in getting permission for only four to ride in a section, instead of eight, which they comfortably hold, and this arrangement permitted us to lie down on the seats and sleep comfortably well, so that on arriving here we were not worn out and sleepy, but in fair trim for a good breakfast and the succeeding eight hours ride over the city, which followed.

I am worse put to it in the matter of writing a letter about Paris than I was about Rome. It is apparently so near home and the ground has been so thoroughly plowed that I feel I could not get up a letter in hurriedly passing through it, that would be news to you. In the belief that you may become somewhat interested in the movements of our party, through my hastily written letters, I will say that on arriving here we found the hotel named in our itinerary so nearly full that about one-half of the number had to be sent to another. I fell in with the latter party and we went to the Hotel d' Albe, on the Champs Elysees, not far from the Arch of Triumph. In less than two hours after our arrival we were in the big carriages

which they use here for hauling around tourists, driving through the streets of Paris, seeing the sights that were deemed most likely to entertain us—getting out and going through those buildings whose interior we desired and had time to see. To give you an idea of that one day's work, I will tell you we visited and passed through the churches of St. Vincent de Paul and Notre Dame, Chaumont Park, Piere la Chaise Cemetery, Botanical and Zoological Gardens, the Morgue, and the Luxembourg galleries and gardens. We drove through miles of boulevards and streets, and among the long list of objects of interest, and passed the bastile column which marks the site of the famous prison of that name, Palace of Justice, Chamber of Commerce, Grand Hotel, the Obelisk, brought from Egypt, the horse butcheries, Pantheon, the Louvre, the church containing the bell which rang out the signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew, ruins of the Tuilleries, the handsome shops along the Rue de Rivoli, and then through the Communists' quarters, and up the Champs Elysees home to a six o'clock dinner. Thus you see we did a big day's work and saw perhaps much more than we would have seen in a whole week unaided by a conductor, the junior Mr. Gaze himself, who is on the go every day of the tourist season.

During our walk over the 112 acres, and among the 16,000 tombs of the Chaumont Cemetery, we were permitted to see the resting places of many famous men, among them quite a number who figured conspicuously with, and in the time of, the first Napoleon. At a point called Napoleon's corner there is a cluster of some of his leading generals and statesmen. The tomb of Thiers was pointed out, and we were told of the 50,000 people who followed his remains, and that the largest wreath among the symbols of mourning was the contribution of Americans resident here. Of course, we saw the tomb of Heloise and Abelard, and had the history of their devotion, their secret marriage, their separation, their hopeless constancy and their final death and burial here, detailed to us. But if those people looked anything like the two figures lying on top of the tomb, and which, no doubt, were intended to represent this most unfortunate pair of lovers, then I am unable to account for the at-

tachment on any other ground than that it was Hobson's choice with them. Still the sculptor may have done his work awkwardly, and in view of the probability that he did so, many touching things have been written about this loving pair, and to which I refer you for further particulars.

On the top of this cemetery we had our first panoramic view of the city—we have had many since—and had pointed out to us places of interest, especially those associated with the taking of the city by the Prussians and the subsequent action of the Communists. Aside from the history of the men entombed there, and the fact that the Communists more than once sought refuge there and invited the shots which mark many of the tombs, this cemetery is not at all impressive. The monuments are, for the most part, plain and unobtrusive, and hung about with a profusion of wreaths and immortelles similar to the decorations in the cemeteries in New Orleans.

We have been to the Grand Opera House and taken a sweat bath in that oven, while trying to stay out the first act of Faust, equal to the one we took around the crater of Vesuvius. And we were inveigled into the Jardin Mabille, and while there saw a little of the extravagant dance which has never flourished in our own country except in the lower dens, but which is the leading feature of this famous garden on the Avenue Montague, near the Champs Elysees. The place was not crowded the night we were there, and people were quietly strolling about the lovely grounds or seated at the tables taking refreshments. Directly after our entrance the band struck up with a very lively quadrille, when two couples took position on a part of the floored space around the music stand, and a big ring of spectators gathering around them, the fun began. It was but a minute or two before one of the female dancers, while spinning around near the surrounding circle, kicked the hat off the tallest man within reach, and then deliberately put her foot upon the shoulder of another, while the other female dancer took her right foot in her hand, (I am certain as to the foot for I was there and saw it), and holding it up before her face leisurely inspected the nicely fitting shoe which encased it. And yet when the music ceased and the crowd, temporarily assembled around the

dancers, had scattered about over the garden, there could be seen nothing to indicate that the Jardin Mabille might not be visited by the most fastidious person.

We have been to the great Hippodrome and the panorama of the Siege of Paris, a most life-like and impressive scene, worth much trouble and money to see. The imitations of it, exhibited in America, barely give one an idea of the magnificence of this. We have been out to Versailles and seen the gardens and glorious avenues, and fed the fish in the basins; have gone through the palace and seen the rich trappings of royalty, the rooms they occupied, the beds they stretched their legs upon, and in which they slept the sleep which brought but little refreshment; the balcony upon which Maria Antoinette appeared with her first infant child in the vain hope of appeasing the mob who had come to carry her to the guillotine; the room where she was finally captured and from which she was taken to her doom; the room prepared for the reception of Queen Victoria on the occasion of her visit to France, and the gorgeous bed on which that lady declined to sleep on account of some scandal connected with it, or because it was once occupied by the excellent and ill-used Josephine, and the conscientious Queen desired to express her disapproval of the whole matter by declining the profered luxury, and going off to St. Cloud and spending the nights with the Empress Eugenie.

We have seen the places where stood the guillotines and fell the heads during the revolutions which have fallen upon the excitable people of France, and where, in all probability, the same scenes will be re-enacted. We have been to the Louvre, and tried hard to see the seven miles of pictures, the acres of statuary and the tens of thousands of rare curiosities in that world-renowned building, but we could not do it, even in weeks, with perfect satisfaction. We have seen Paris, in balmy weather, by gas light, and will never cease wondering where all the people come from who throng its brilliant streets and crowd about the cafes that, wherever you may be, are before you, behind, and upon either side, ablaze with gas when night is upon the city. We have gazed down the street-leading up to the Grand Opera, and have been nearly dazed by the electric

lights which absolutely turn night into day. We have been to the great stores of the Palais Royal, the Louvre and the Bon Marsche, and have seen the army of employes within them, busy, as though their very lives depended upon rapid action.

But there is one place we have never seen, and that is Complet. We have not seen it, because every time we hailed an omnibus having that name upon it the driver sitting perched upon top with his legs encased in a leather house, looked at us contemptuously and drove on. This is not original. I give it as told by a New Englander, who, returning to his native land and naming the places he had seen, gave this as a place he had not seen. Every one who visits Paris soon learns that Complet means that the vehicle has its complement of passengers inside and out, and that when the word appears over the door he will not be allowed to even put his foot on the platform for love or money. There is no chance of getting squeezed in an omnibus in Paris. Just so many are allowed on top, so many on the inside, and four on the rear platform. On the inside you pay six cents, and half that for a seat on top. If the inside and top are full you must stand on the platform, if that has not four, and you pay six cents for that position. But if a passenger vacates a seat, either above or below, by getting off, you may take it. I have been in an omnibus but once, and I give you what I then learned, but I hailed half a dozen with the word "complet" upon them, before I found out why the plaguey things wouldn't stop for me. So there is one land under the sun where omnibusses may get full. It never occurs in our own glorious climate, America.

We learn that since our departure from Naples, Vesuvius has been in active eruption. The sight of it to one who had never witnessed it, I have no doubt, would be a grand one; still, I doubt, as such action would prevent our closely approaching the crater, whether it would impress us more than we were impressed at the time of our visit. If it could have been quiet till we went up there and fearlessly dallied with her fires, and then raised Cain for our special benefit, we would have been doubly favored. The inhabitants were looking for some demonstrations of the restless mountain when we were there, and pre-

dicted a display within ten days. Upon what basis they made their calculations I am not able to state.

Those of us who are to take the Glasgow steamer on the 4th, will leave here to-night and be back in London by noon to-morrow. Perhaps the chief source of regret will be the short time allowed by the tour to that city. London is not a pretty place, but there are very many places within it one would like to see. Large numbers of our party will remain behind, some to follow us by the next steamer, others later, while a few will remain in Europe for months or more and leisurely see what is on their individual programmes. Those of us who were so miserably sick on coming over already begin to feel an uncomfortable sensation in the stomach, and will be fully prepared on getting out to sea to throw up a world of Jonahs. I hope to have lucid intervals often enough and of sufficient duration to close this chapter of travels while aboard the ship, and in that hope I may make this my last letter bearing date in Europe. If I did not leave here in the belief that I would come back some day, I should quit very reluctantly indeed, for there is much in this country to see, and the many pleasant recollections of the journey will tend greatly towards mitigating the terrors of the sea, if they do not entirely cause me to forget the heavings of my stomach. I have changed my mind as to not braving the sea again to look at Europe. Sea sickness is a bitter dose but I would endure it again to get back here.

LETTER XXIII.

Paris to London—Smooth channel and no sea sickness Two days in London—Comparison between that city and Paris—Both behind our country in Fine Stores—On to Glasgow—A day of shopping there—Down to the Steamer and out to sea—Description of the passage—Some tumbling upon the briny deep—The arrival at home and the passage through the quarantine and Custom House—The meeting of friends.

NEW YORK, September 14, 1879.

The good ship Circassia lies quiet at anchor at the quarantine station in New York Harbor. The great engines which have been thundering away at the immense screw that sped us homeward, without rest or cessation for ten days and nights, have ceased at last, and the repose which seems to have come to our ship is grateful to us all. So accustomed had we become to the never ceasing jar of the power around us that when, at dinner, the steam was shut off, and the wheel ceased to revolve, many jumped to their feet with a look of surprise, and sometimes fear in their faces, exclaiming, "the engines have stopped!" as though some calamity had befallen us. We have signalled for the health officer, and while we gently rock upon the kindly swells of the ocean here in the harbor, we await the coming of this officer. We have been upon deck all day when the rain did not compel us to seek cover below, descanting upon the land dimly seen through the mist here and there, and admiring the great concourse of vessels going out and coming in from sea. Those of us who are not still busy with trunks and valises, trying to

bury dutiable articles beyond the keen eyes of the revenue officer, are all huddled about over the commodious decks, taking our last chat together, and feeling some pain in view of the approaching separation, after so long and entertaining a journey together. Our associations have, in the main, been pleasant, and we have made acquaintances and formed attachments it will cause a pang to interrupt by separation. In some cases the attachment has been of such a character that will result in binding the parties together for life, and if, in their cases, the journey henceforth be a smooth one, they will have additional reason to be thankful Providence directed them on this tour.

The Government boat lies alongside, and the doctor has climbed up the side of our big ship, accompanied by his assistants, bringing along the vessels and apparatus with which to fumigate the hold when his inspection is over. He has shaken hands familiarly with our odd-looking, but pleasant, doctor, and now stands carefully scrutinizing the faces of the three hundred men, women and children from the steerage as they marched before him. But we have a clean bill of health, and he can find no pestilence or contagious malady in the appearance of any of them. The hatches are now shut down and the process of fumigation begun. We hear a rattle and a gurgling sound below as the mess fumes and stews in that pent up place. Directly the doctor and his assistants go briskly down the steps to their own wee steamer, which soon darts away to a French sailing ship, just in, and also awaiting his inspection. Our engines resume their labor, and we move slowly towards the city. As we near the Anchor Line's pier we see it crowded with people, and the waving of handkerchiefs soon begins. Friends begin to recognize each other, and at last, when we have come alongside the pier, and tied up our floating home, and run out the gangway, there is a rush in the meeting of loving ones that is touching even to those of us whose friends are a thousand miles or more away. But in the throng I do not see the sad face of the widowed woman, whose genial and excellent husband laid away his life in Germany. How our hearts go out to her in her sorrow, that of all our party he can not return for the happy greeting which is in store for us.

Our great quantity of baggage has gone out upon the dock, and, as the night comes on, it has been inspected, sometimes with feeble rigor, and, at others, with a haste and a suspicious indifference as to the contents of the packages that smack loudly of the influence that a little grease has been used upon the machine, and the proper revenues upon our stuff diverted into another channel. In truth and in fact, a body of blind and deaf passengers could hardly go through the New York Custom House, on a Sunday afternoon, without becoming aware of the ease with which returning voyagers can pass through it, if they are inclined to swear to a lie, and are then thoughtful enough to put a little money where it will do the most good. And it is wonderful how many of us were inclined to put the most favorable construction for ourselves upon the oath to construe merchandise into wearing apparel, and to forget that we ever had bought a present for a friend. The desire to cheat the Government out of its legal revenue seems to afflict the majority of Americans, and there are very few who come from Europe who do not, in some way, try to evade the payment of duties fixed by law. I feel that a woful source of sin will be obliterated if it should ever come to pass that our country will luxuriate in free trade. There were a few Romans in our party who conscientiously reported everything they had bought. Among these was a minister who even declined to swear to his list because he had forgotten all his trivial purchases, or what they cost, but, upon opening his trunk, took out every article and carried them all to the chief officer for inspection and valuation, who, to his credit, be it said, returned them without assessment. The gentle minister could lie down that night with a clear conscience, which, I fear, not many of his companions could have. I shall remember his quiet, beautiful face to the last of my life. And there is perhaps not one of our large party who will not always bear pleasing recollections of this worthy man and his modest, devoted and winning wife.

I closed my last letter to you at Paris. A day or two thereafter we took the night train for London, which place we reached near noon the next day, after so remarkable a thing as to cross the channel without rough weather, and consequently no incon-

venience from sea-sickness. The rains had ceased about three days before in England, and we had clear and cheerful weather while in London. It was so rare to those people that you could not enter a store and buy the most trivial article and hurry out without some allusion being made to the happy change. We staid in this city until the night of the second day, and then took the express train for Glasgow. Upon the whole, our party liked London better than Paris. It is almost a waste of language to say it is a wonderful city. I would hazard the guess that it does more business in one day than Paris does in a week, and for the chance purchaser at retail, its stocks are more ample and prices lower. There are enchanting streets, beautiful drives, and lovely parks in Paris, with ever so many nice fountains; and at night the city is ablaze with gas, while the seekers of pleasure swarm the streets and cafes till the wonder seems to be how these myriads can afford the time and the money thus thrown away. But when you are in London there is an appearance of solidity around you, and an attention to the more serious concerns of life which are not visible in Paris. Both are interesting cities, but if a person could see one and not the other I feel that he would make a mistake if he should select Paris over London. I may add here that I was in all the noted retail establishments in both places, but I saw nothing equaling those of Stewart in New York; Field, Leiter & Co., Chicago; and Shillito, in Cincinnati. Indeed, I saw many things in Europe inferior to like things in our own country. I am aware it is not the usual style to make such an assertion, still I can not avoid it and approximate the truth.

We spent nearly the entire day in Glasgow. One would have supposed that in our long round, all purchases would have already been made, but if you could have seen the bundles piling into the hotel from 10 to 3 o'clock, your guess would have been that shopping had been postponed for this last place. As we left for the cars to carry us to our ship at Greenoch, nearly every member of the party looked like a delivery messenger loaded down to the guards with packages.

As we tumbled out of the cars on the wharf at Greenoch, there lay our ship at anchor in the harbor, and alongside the

dock, close by, bobbed up and down the little steamer that was to carry us out to the big one. It was the first time we fully realized that we were quitting Europe and starting on our journey homeward. In a few minutes we were transferred to the vessel, and at once began searching for our respective rooms. The Circassia is a much larger ship, being nearly 450 feet long, and newer and a great deal cleaner than the Anchoria, which took us over, and the rooms gave general satisfaction. I had the same three room-mates returning I had going over, two of whom had been in my section, and with whom I had roomed at the hotels on the tour, and, of course, we harmonized. There were about two hundred and twenty cabin passengers, all of whom but about twenty belonged to our band, being composed of members from all five of the sections. The Swiss section and the third, which started out from London a week before we did, had mostly gone home in preceding ships, but some of them had loitered behind to accompany us. We left many in Europe to straggle along home at odd times during the next twelve months, as inclination and circumstances dictate.

The weather was delightful when the bow was pointed seaward, and we sped through the placid waters that lie between the highlands at Greenoch and for many miles towards Moville, and there were no sea-sick persons that night, albeit, at one time, just before the dawn of day, we passed through some rough water, and the ship did some uncomfortable rolling. At Moville, next morning, we took on many of our three hundred steerage passengers, and further out many of our own party, who had taken a run through Ireland, and joined us at a place I do not now remember. This second day the weather was kind to us, but about 12 o'clock that night there came up a blow, which made things lively for us. The ship was lightly laden with iron and sugar, which, lying at the very bottom, allowed the vessel to wallow about in a fearful manner. I was aroused with a crashing of things about over the ship, which appeared as though everything was loose and being banged to pieces. Most of the trunks and valises had been brought down and set in the passages, or in the large spaces used for dining rooms for second class passengers, and these made pilgrimages,

with every roll of the ship, through all the space allotted to them, and came up on the other side with a bang, as though they were aiming to drive through the sides of the ship. Glassware was rattling in every direction, and every article not properly moored perambulated about in the most reckless way. Our clothing hanging over the iron rod running through our room, vibrating back and forth like the pendulum of a clock with a long swing, while those of us lying in the berths parallel with the vessel, rolled from side to side like a baby rigid with anger in a rocking cradle, and those lying at right angles with the vessel had honest work to perform to prevent their skulls getting cracked, as the down grade was in that direction, or to avoid being doubled up like a jack knife, if it was in the other. With my pillow upon one side and my big overcoat on the other, I wedged myself in and let her roll. Added to these little discomforts, we hear the billows thundering against our iron shell, and every now and then come crashing over the decks above us, as though we stood in danger of being literally crushed to the bottom of the sea.

It seemed a long time till day. With daylight came men and nailed strips of wood around the baggage, and that trouble ended. The wind moderated and the rolling decreased. One of our party, who had retired in his clothes, got up and tried to wash his face. In a twinkling he shot out the door and tumbled up in a lump among the baggage. Hastily coming back with set features and a blanched face that are never mistaken, he snatched up his hat and darted up the passage of the saloon evidently hunting for a nice place on deck in which to cast up accounts. We heard from him afterwards that the settlement had been complete. Then another got up, the heavy young Boston journalist, who bunked above me. I think he got on both socks and one shoe, when he got white in the face and settled. Then he put on the other shoe, and tried to wash with one hand, while he hung on with the other. Another settlement. He got his face dampened, and was trying to dry it with a towel, when, being for a third time required to settle, he gave it up as a bad job, and crawled back in his berth, which his fat body filled, and he lay there comfortably. In the mean-

time I had gotten sick at this fellow calling on Europe, and my head had been hanging over the side of the berth, as though my neck was devoid of vertebræ. It was a funny time. Not long after this the other man, a Boston artist, declared *he* could do it. He had not been sick a moment in going over, and he simply had been lying there because it was not his getting up time. Well, he sat down on the floor and after skating two or three times across the room in an ungraceful and still more unpleasant way, in that position, managed to get on his socks; then looking up towards us, with mingled looks of appeals and apologies, said, hopelessly, "Oh, I can't stand this!" and dragged his limp body back into the berth. And thus lay this trio till noon. We were not alone. We could hear the sounds of distress all around us—a most woful distress, but which aroused scant sympathy.

At noon, somehow, we got up and got out upon deck. I was awfully sick, but went on the upper deck, over the ladies' cabin, and laid down up there, overlooking the deck below, where were huddled quite a lot of ladies in their sea chairs, trying to get some comfort from the sea air. The waves had quit breaking over the ship, but we were rolling fearfully from side to side. At one time the indicator attached to the compass marked the deck as standing at an angle of forty degrees, which gave us a swing from the lowest point upon one side to the lowest upon the other of eighty degrees! Of course, walking about, except to experienced seamen, was no easy matter, and it bothered even them. Every now and then the ladies below me would break from their moorings, and, sweeping across to the opposite side of the passway, would pile up in a confused mass, from which it took some time to extricate themselves. Many who undertook to walk across the wet decks often wound up their efforts by hastily sitting down and mopping up the floor as they bowled away to the first permanent obstruction. One big, fine looking Scotchman, who hated to give in, sailed away on his back twice across the after deck, the last time shooting his legs through the iron railing, and wedging himself in so tightly it took two men to pull him out and put him on his feet again. Two ladies were quite badly hurt by being thrown

down, but, upon the whole, it was quite a laughable affair. It cured me. After that we had no more rough sea. The weather was lovely and the trip a charming one. We had two most magnificent sunsets—the only ones we had seen since leaving home, and all of us forgot our sea-sickness, except to laugh over it. It is awful funny at all times, except when you have a case of it on hand.



LETTER XXIV.

A letter from home, the last of the series—Explanations of matters overlooked in former letters—Comparison of European and American railroads, mode of travel and living—Cost of our round trip—Useful hints to tourists—The care for our lives—The polite guards at the railroad stations—Our attentive guides, Henry Gaze & Son—A general review of the entire trip, with its incidents and pleasures—Happy return to our own fast and free country.

VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI, November 17, 1879.

Since my return home I have been asked many questions about the TOURJEE EXCURSION in Europe, which suggests the propriety of one more letter. These questions mainly touched the subject of hotels, railroads and the propriety of traveling in tourists' parties. I will try and briefly meet them here.

The hotels on the Continent which are termed first-class are, as a general rule, good. They are not as gaudily furnished as American hotels, but I think they are quite as comfortable—perhaps more quiet and home-like—and are nearly always pleasingly clean. In the matter of beds I think they excel our hotels, both in comfort and cleanliness. The section to which I belonged occupied, first and last, nearly fifty hotels, and I feel sure there was no ground for complaints, in this respect, except, perhaps, with one or two we were quartered in at Paris. Even in Naples, where we found so much to growl

about, we had comfortable rooms and no dirt. It was read at one of the entertainments on board our ship coming home that a young lady of another section found a bed bug down there and she exclaimed, "Why, I declare! this is the first bed bug I have seen since I left home!"

The hotels are wonderfully quiet at night. You hear no thumping or thundering about below, or in the halls after eight or nine o'clock. Guests, if they come and go after that hour, have respect for those who may have retired, and who desire repose. Our own party could kick up a racket—and often did it—equal to that of a dozen houses full of native boarders. Bell calls are answered by chambermaids stationed on the various floors, and, as a rule, without vexatious delays. Now and then, as at Venice, the waiter did not dislocate his neck (they had male servants there) in rushing upon you to reply; but we had little fault to find on this score—very much less than we would have in an equal number of average hotels in our own country. In the matter of quiet, I was reminded of the great contrast between the two countries by spending a night at a hotel in Cairo, as I came South from Indiana, where the noise was so great it was almost impossible to drop off to sleep with the door and transom both tightly closed. But after midnight all employes at the hotels over there go to bed and stay there till time to get up. That's my belief.

My guess is that thefts are not frequent in the hotels of Europe. The difficulty of making proper disposition of the key, between my two room-mates and myself, induced us, from the beginning to the end, to leave our door unlocked, and very often wide open, with our trunks all open, and half the time our traps strewn everywhere; and yet we never lost an article. Many others were just as careless as we were. Still, we heard of no one who suffered any loss from theft. It gives me pleasure to say this, because it is a pleasing phase of hotel life in Europe.

Of course we did not like their mode of feeding us. Their *table d' hôte* does not suit Americans. It is too tedious and consumes too much time. There is not enough freedom about it. They stuff you with the things contained in their limited bill of fare. It is that or nothing. There is no choice in the

matter. If you don't like the viands or the manner of their cooking, you can "lump" it. If the soup don't suit you you can "pass" and wait till those who do take soup have all sipped what they want, the dishes removed, plates put before each guest, and the next course brought along. The meat or *its* cooking may not come up to your ideas. Well, you can "pass" that, and sit there and wait and gnash your teeth till all the others are through, plates again removed and clean ones brought on, and the third dish moves round. And, so, clear through the whole category of the eight or nine tedious courses.

It is true one may merely hire a room and take his meals in restaurant style, either in the hotel where he stops, or elsewhere, if he chooses. But even then, he will not be able to get so gorgeous a meal as will be served up to him in a first class hotel here at home. It may be all the better for his stomach that he can't do so. Some of our party showed our conductors a bill of fare they had of hotels here, and they could hardly be made to believe it possible a hotel would give its guests so large a range in the matter of articles from which to select a dinner. It appeared almost incredible that they would be allowed to order the whole catalogue at one fell swoop.

The *table à hôte* style is certainly very economical. There is no waste, especially if the waiter who carries around the dish serves the plates instead of the guests forking it out themselves. There are no scraps to amount to a big sum. Our party, I can testify, generally cleared the platter. In this way European hotels can avoid big prices. If they were to feed as our hotels do the expenses of traveling would necessarily be beyond the ability of the average tourist. Much of the meat and butter consumed in many parts of the Continent are imported from America, and, consequently costs the landlord there more money than it costs him here. The cooking is generally satisfactory, except, in some places, where they use tallow instead of lard in which to fry things. One might even get to admire that in time. But we always found elegant coffee. I think there was not a single exception to this during our entire journey. In this respect they are far ahead of our palatial hotels. But never a water cooler did we see in any hotel, anywhere,

and never did we see a native take a drink of this beverage. This was one of the greatest annoyances we had to encounter, and we often suffered in consequence of it.

I had expected to find the people over here big eaters, and especially the English. I was disappointed. I am thoroughly satisfied Americans eat nearly double the quantity consumed by the average European. Both, I imagine, eat more than their systems absolutely require. The surplus is a burden, and in proportion to the excess brings on disease. And for this reason the Continental *table d' hôte* is more conducive of health if not so palatable. The articles served up are healthy, and ample time is given in which to eat. You can't rush through a meal as though you were going to the races, or were belated and anxious to leave town on the next train. If in all your travels you should see a piece of pie or corn bread it would be a sight that never greeted us while in Europe. Nor would you ever be able to enjoy the luxury of burning your mouth on a hot biscuit. You would now and then, no doubt, have the amusement of witnessing one of the genteel and highly starched waiters lose his balance on the highly polished and waxed floors, and come sprawling down with whatever his hands contained at the time, but you would not, probably, find an impudent one, or very many both blind and deaf to your wants. Nearly all of them on the lines of travel understand English sufficiently well to comprehend your orders, while the "portier," or manager, generally speaks that language fluently.

I shall speak briefly of railroads. The compartment system in the passenger cars doubtless had its origin in the exclusiveness of the citizens. The different classes, of course, followed. Even to Americans it is real pleasant for a party of friends to get together and be shut off from strangers, or obnoxious passengers in a compartment to themselves. I think both first and second class carriages are more comfortable than the average passenger cars on the roads here at home. They are never crowded beyond their seating capacity, and are more comfortable to sit in. Very few travelers in Europe ride in the first-class carriages. Americans nearly all do. I fancy they are fearful if they do not it will be inferred they have not the money to

afford the luxury. The chief difference between first and second class compartments is in their upholstering inside. The fare by first class is about fifty per cent greater than by the second, and second is about as much greater than the third. Traveling by third class cars is not pleasant.

In all the descriptions I had read of the cars in Europe I had not formed a correct idea of them. They are shorter than ours, and are divided into three compartments by partitions running across the cars from top to bottom. Each contains two seats, one facing to the rear and the other to the front, just like a two seated carriage here at home. Two doors enter each compartment, one on either side. The seats are divided off by cushioned arms, similar to the arms of an old fashioned chair, so arranged that they may be turned back, leaving the seat unobstructed from one end to the other. The backs are upholstered clear to the top of the car, and in this respect are decidedly more comfortable than ours. Over each seat is a long, net rack, for hand baggage, besides plenty of room under the seats. Facilities for light and ventilation are very good. Each compartment is furnished with a lantern at night, inserted from the roof. Guards or conductors never enter the cars during their occupancy by passengers. A step runs the entire length of each car on the outside, similar to the open street cars in some cities where the seats run from side to side of the car. Guards communicate with passengers through the doors, standing on this step. The complement in first-class compartments is eight people, four on each seat, and those on one seat facing those on another.

The road beds, the depots, the paraphernalia, and the management of roads in Europe are nearly always superb. Great attention is paid to the preservation of life. If death occurs over there from carelessness I presume some one has to suffer for it. In very few places in England, Scotland and France do railroads cross each other on the same level. One shoots over the other on a bridge. Nearly all pikes in those countries, also, cross railroads on bridges. In the countries where this is not done a watchman is stationed at each crossing, however insignificant, to bar the way with a long sweep or pole on the

approach of trains, of which they are usually notified by an electric alarm. No one, not even a man on foot, is allowed to cross the track after the sweep comes down, although no cars are in sight.

Much care is exercised by guards, at the depots, to see that passengers do not take the wrong train, and to prevent their getting off and on when the cars are in motion. Our party often came near throwing these careful men into spasms by our utter disregard of the rules of the road, and our apparent indifference to our own personal safety. When we wanted to go anywhere we generally went, notwithstanding the vehement protests of the guards. Two or three of us might be collared and held in some sort of subjection, but the others would take advantage of the situation and skip around. The principal source of annoyance to the guards was our habit of standing outside the cars, at the stations, holding the doors open ready to jump in when the train got in motion. This was contrary to rules, and the polite and considerate guards would dance up and down the train, gently pushing us inside, so that they might close the doors and blow their old dinner horn as a signal for the engineer to turn on steam. We never once heard the cry of "all aboard." In England and Scotland a bell was rung a few minutes before starting time and we were told in our vernacular, "take your seats." Elsewhere they likewise rang the bell and used some kind of lingo, but we never knew what it was though we guessed it meant "get in."

There is no system of "through" tickets in Europe, and one can not check his baggage, both of which are a nuisance. One can only buy a ticket to the end of the road over which he starts on his journey, and if he has a trunk he must be at the depot quite a while before train time in order to get it aboard. At the end of that road he must claim it, and if he continues his journey he must go through all this routine again. He has not the happy privilege of handing his check to a baggage man and whirling away to the hotel for his baggage to follow him. And they look out for extra baggage, allowing but 56 pounds, in some countries, and charging heavily for all over that weight. Hand baggage is not counted, and it was, doubtless, for that

reason we saw native travelers often lugging two great big valises into the carriages with them.

And the cars have no saloons for ladies, or gentlemen either, which Americans regard as a woful want. One can hardly imagine the discomforts that arise from this omission. It seems that an enlightened people would have long ago corrected the error. Nor is there any provision for water, as I wrote in a previous letter. Our skirmishes after this article were frequently a laughable part of our junketings. I don't think any of us saw a water cooler in all Europe. I suspect if one was set up, even in a hotel in Paris or London, the citizens would not divine its use. They wash clothes with water, and doubtless cook with it, and, perhaps, now and then, give it to their stock, but precious little do the people drink themselves.

As a matter of some interest it may not be amiss to give you a better idea of our mode of travel than could be gathered from my previous letters. As I wrote you from London, our party for the greater part of the time we were in Scotland numbered about 220 persons. The baggage was then all intact, and its quantity was simply enormous. On the steamer, while crossing the ocean, three of the sections intending to make the long tour, were organized by the members of the party making their own selections, the result being generally satisfactory. Then there was the short section, composed of those going no further than Switzerland. One section had already gotten under way for Italy. Before entering the Firth of Clyde a boat brought out a pilot, and with it came an agent of Henry Gaze & Son, Tourist Contractors, of London, who at once organized the members of each section into parties of one, two and three each, who desired to room together during the journey on land, stating that the larger rooms, containing as many as three beds, would be found the most desirable. He even went so far as to state that he would try and have any two squads put in adjoining rooms where they so desired it. I will illustrate:

A lady from Boston, another from Pennsylvania and the "little one" wanted to room together, while another lady and her daughter wanted an adjoining room. These names were entered in the agent's list in the order I have mentioned them; then

brackets thrown around the first three names and the last two respectively, and another bracket around them all to indicate the wants of these people. This enabled them to enter into a species of co-partnership in the matter of soap, brushes, combs, trunks and the like that proved a matter of convenience in many ways; but principally in the reduction of baggage to the minimum, thus making the daily "packing up" a less serious matter. My guess is that every trunk and valise in the party had some article of furniture belonging to the others, all of which was straightened up in the grand clearing house—the Inns of Court Hotel, on our return to London.

Then came the arrangement for the baggage. The roaming squads of each section were numbered, and different colors adopted to represent the section. Blue fell to our section. The numbers given these squads were written opposite the respective names on the list, and then a number of the lists were printed, and a copy sent ahead to each hotel where we were to stop, on a day already fixed. Then upon the baggage, not carried in the hand, were pasted the numbers corresponding with those given each squad, so that rooms at hotels might be assigned and the baggage deposited in them by the numbers, and not by the names of the owners. In addition to this, linen tags were distributed for the proper address of the owners, and to be attached to every piece, whether satchel, shawl, valise or trunk. On the reverse side of these tags instructions in German, French and English were printed for the disposition of the article to which it was attached, in case it went astray—that was to express it to Henry Gaze & Son, London, at their expense. In such event they would be able, at once, to forward it to the owners.

Upon arriving at London from Scotland all the trunks not required for the tour were taken by these gentlemen to their own warehouse, and those pieces not carried in the hand, but which had to go in the baggage car, were numbered in white paint, with the section and squad, to avoid erasure. During the entire trip, as has been seen from previous letters, we were actively on the move nearly all the time, and yet there was but one detention in all that time, which, in that instance, was

caused by a blunder in a railroad. On the contrary, we generally found, on reaching the hotels, our rooms already assigned, and the trunks in them, unstrapped, ready for opening. A young Englishman by the name of T. G. Mill had charge of the baggage, in addition to other minor details, and to his energy and continued watchfulness we were indebted to the great relief experienced by freedom from all care, with reference to a matter which, at all times, and in all lands, has been a source of so much care and anxiety to independent travelers. The only attention we bestowed upon our trunks was to pack and fasten them in our rooms, and leave them there.

Mr. E. McQueen Gray was our chief conductor, interpreter, guide, cashier and companion. In all he was royal. I doubt if a better man could have been selected. He was a Scotchman by birth, but had been a resident of London during the last few years, and for a greater part of the time in the employ of Henry Gaze & Son. I do not know how many languages he spoke, but he seemed at home wherever he went. He was remarkably patient with our troublesome party, and was never discovered out of humor at things, which, it seemed to me, would have annoyed a saint. In a nice little speech, made to us by Mr. Gaze, as we sat at the table in our hotel in London, he spoke of Mr. Gray as one of the best men to be found in all England for the position. It was he who had come aboard our ship, and who had conducted us through Scotland and his native Highlands, and it did not require this eulogy from his employer to make us appreciate the man. He was a person of rare information, and there was a fund of wit and good humor about him that even quieted, in a great measure, the grumblers of our party. He planned our campaigns ahead, and, at the dinner table in the evening, announced the programme for the morrow, the time for getting up, the hours for meals, the time for leaving the hotels, and whether we would need lunch between meals, and when and where we would get it. He paid our bills and kept an account against each, thus saving us the annoyance caused by the constant change from the use of one kind of money to another, and did many other useful things for us that would have caused an independent tourist much loss of time and

anxiety to have looked after himself. If, hereafter, I should hear of any of my friends making a tour of that country, I would be very glad to learn they had fallen under the conductorship of Mr. Gray. And I say these things of him the more cheerfully, because he so well deserves them, and because, at one time on the tour, I got cross towards him, and said ugly things about him. I guess my digestive organs were out of repair, for, sitting here in my home, and looking back at the wirey, patient, hard-worked and always willing conductor, I see how greatly our section were favored by having him to look after us. I feel sure if he were to come over here we would all be disposed to give him a very hearty greeting.

I like the manner in which we traveled. There were a few minor disadvantages connected with it, but I think those were largely overbalanced by the absolute advantages. Porters and servants did not bother us; hackmen did not fleece us; there were no hotel extras, except such as we knowingly and purposely made; our local guides were all provided when necessary, and fees for admission to sights all paid; the best things to be seen were culled from the long list, and no time lost in hunting them up; and such careful provision was made for all our movements that we could give ourselves over to the full enjoyment of the novelties surrounding us. Besides, we had lots of fun among ourselves. In the long trip together we got to be somewhat like a big family, and were good company for each other when surfeited with sight seeing.

I speak now of people who desire to see as much of Europe as possible for the least money, people who are not able to afford an expensive trip. Many of those with us were teachers and scholars and had to make this tour during their vacation. The cost of the tour from New York and back was \$500, and it was not absolutely necessary for any member to spend \$50 over that sum, though most of them did it. Washing was the only absolute extra, boots, even, being blacked, without charge, at the hotels. I think an independent tourist could not go over the same ground we did and see what we saw for less than \$1,000, and short of a month or two greater length of time. Of course, if one has plenty of money, and time is no considera-

tion, and he had just as soon be alone as in company, he would certainly go alone and take it leisurely. But, for my own part, I would not give five cents to go trudging over Europe, or any other country, among a people whose language I could not understand, and having no one along to help me admire the sights. I can not even enjoy fishing or hunting, my chief hobbies, when by myself.

And thus I close my last letter.













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